Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Rip Off Comix #8

Published April? 1981
1st edition
Rip Off Press
$1.50
52 pages
Printrun of ? copies
7" x 10"
ISBN:

Stories:

2 - The Adventures of Fat Freddy's Cat
3 - The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers in "Phineas Gets An Abortion"
11 - Jesus And The Bank Robbers
16 - Wonder Wart-Hog in the Battle Of The Titans
28 - British Comix Bonus
29 - Spotty Dick
37 - untitled
38 - Three-Eyes McGurk and his Death-Planet Commandos
42 - The Whacky World of Wildlife
43 - The Lone Groover
44 - Thok
46 - Tower
50 - Another Unfortunate Victim Of Small Print
52 - The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers in "Honk For Jesus"

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Comments:

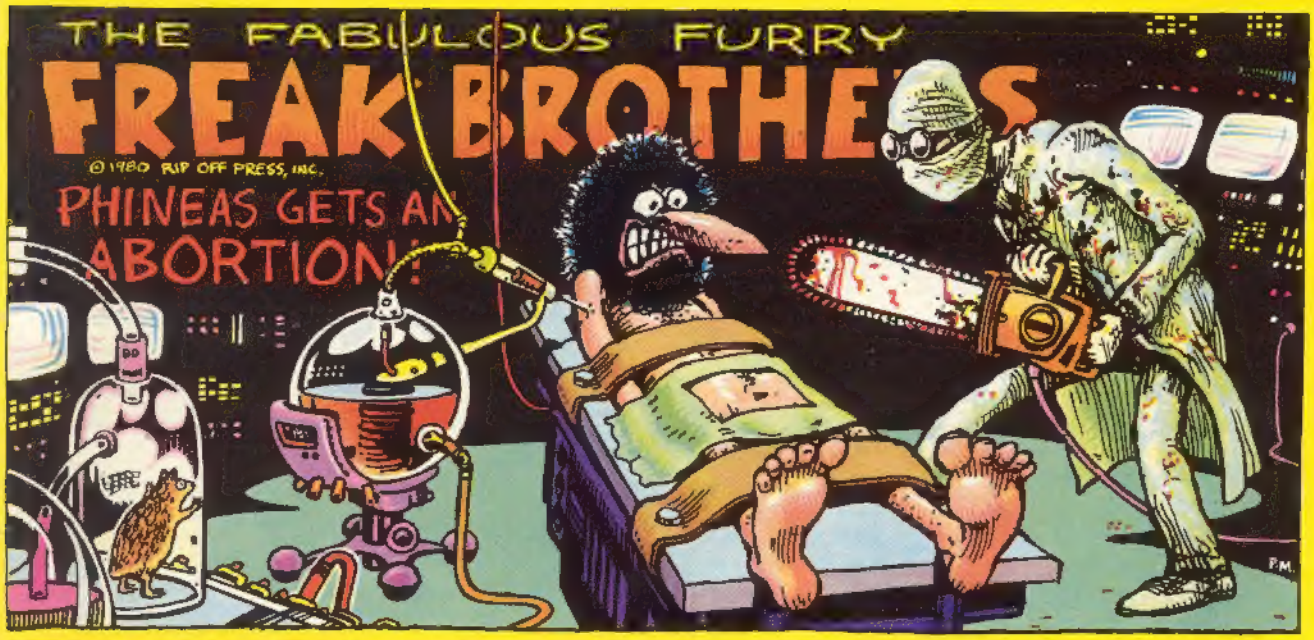
First edition has a $1.25 cover price.

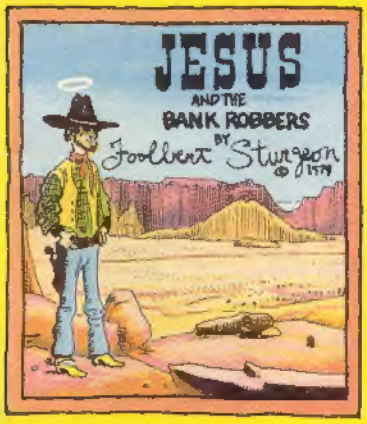
RIP OFF PRESS
SAN FRANCISCO

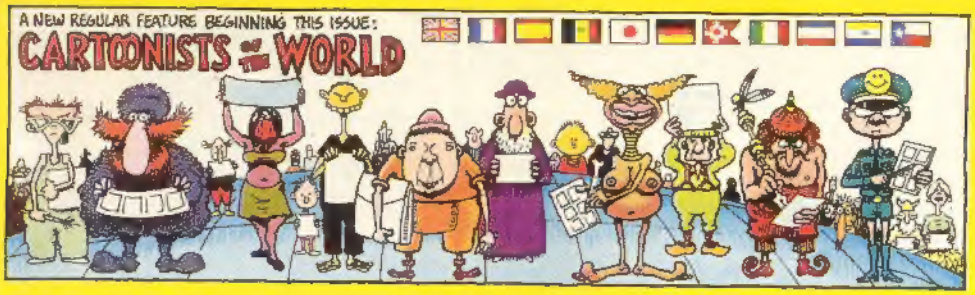
RIP OFF COMIX

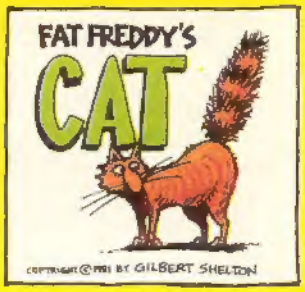
#8

$1.50









ACHTUNG!

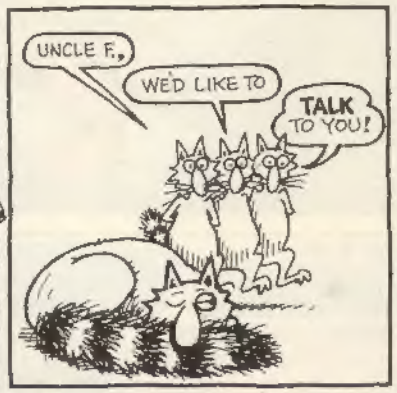
This issue of RIP OFF COMIX marks the beginning of some new features we'd like to tell you about. First, there's our new section devoted to international comix. Each issue we'll spotlight rarely-seen artists from a different country overseas. For starters, half of this edition is devoted to a variety of English comix.

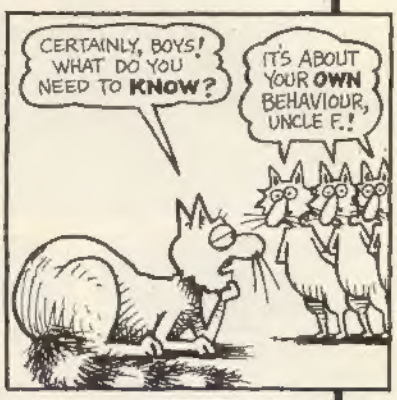
Also beginning this issue is the first chapter of a four-part WONDER WART-HOG story. The first two chapters of this epic originally appeared in the ultra-rare WONDER WART-HOG MAGAZINE (published in 1967), and will be reprinted here for the first time. The final two chapters feature new art and wrap the tale up with a bang. Watch for them in upcoming editions of RIP OFF COMIX.

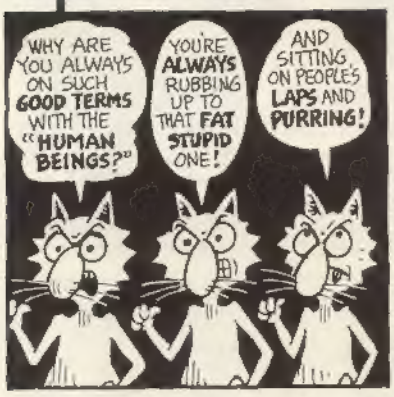
Also in this issue are an all-new Freak Brothers story, and a new "Adventures of Jesus" by Foolbert Sturgeon. This is the first new Jesus strip in nearly a decade!

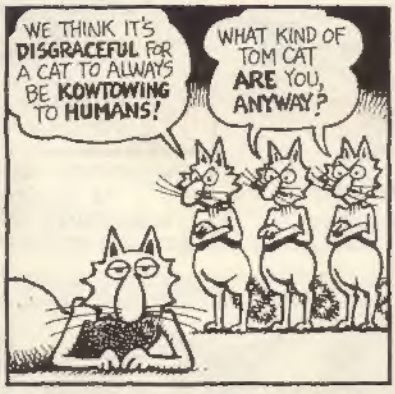
And finally, beginning with RIP OFF #9 we plan to start a Letters to Rip Off page . . . so please send in your comments, gripes, suggestions, loves, hates, and candid polaroids. The best may even get printed!

And now . . . read on . . !









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THE FABULOUS FURRY

FREAK BROTHERS

in PHINEAS GETS AN ABORTION

BY SHELTON, SHERIDAN + MAVRIDES

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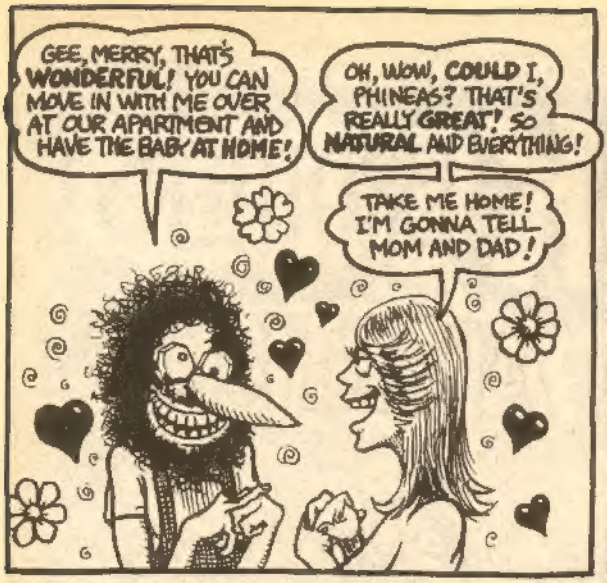

GEE, MERRY, THAT'S WONDERFUL! YOU CAN MOVE IN WITH ME OVER AT OUR APARTMENT AND HAVE THE BABY AT HOME!
OH, WOW, COULD I, PHINEAS? THAT'S REALLY GREAT! SO NATURAL AND EVERYTHING!
TAKE ME HOME! I'M GONNA TELL MOM AND DAD!

WAIT HERE IN THE CAR! I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE!

UH-OH! HERE COMES HER FATHER! HE APPEARS TO BE TOO ENRAGED TO SPEAK ARTICULATELY, AND HE HAS A PISTOL IN HIS HAND!
I THINK I'D BETTER GET OUTA HERE!
EEEEEUH! AAAAANGH!

YOW! SIX BULLET HOLES!
I KNEW I'D BE ASKING FOR TROUBLE, FALLING IN LOVE WITH A 16-YEAR-OLD!

LATER THAT EVENING...
HI!
DID YOU RUN AWAY FROM HOME?

OH, I DON'T HAVE TO RUN AWAY! I'VE BEEN ALLOWED TO LEAVE ANY TIME AND GO ANY PLACE I WANT EVER SINCE I WAS 14 YEARS OLD!
I'VE CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT HAVING THE BABY!
CHANGED YOUR MIND? BUT HAVING THE BABY AT HOME IS THE HEALTHY, LOVING WAY!

I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE THE BABY AT ALL! I'M SUPPOSED TO REPORT TO THE RICHPIGGE COUNTY REPUBLICAN HOSPITAL ON THURSDAY!
HEY THIS IS OUR LITTLE BOY YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! HE WAS GONNA LOOK JUST LIKE ME, REMEMBER?

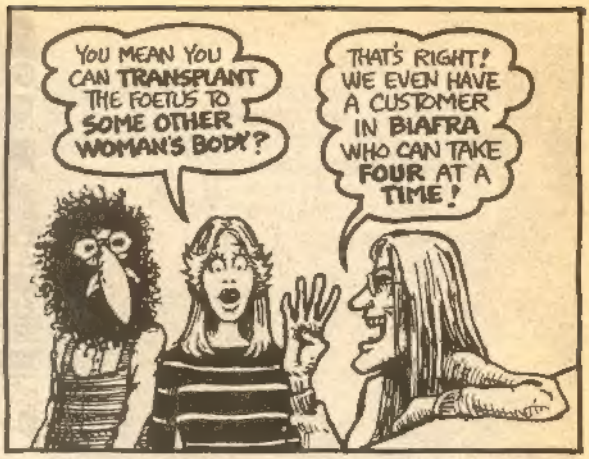
DADDY GAVE ME $20,000 IN SMALL BILLS TO GIVE TO THE DOCTOR SO HE'LL KEEP IT A SECRET!
HEY, I CAN GET YOU A SECRET ABORTION CHEAPER THAN THAT!

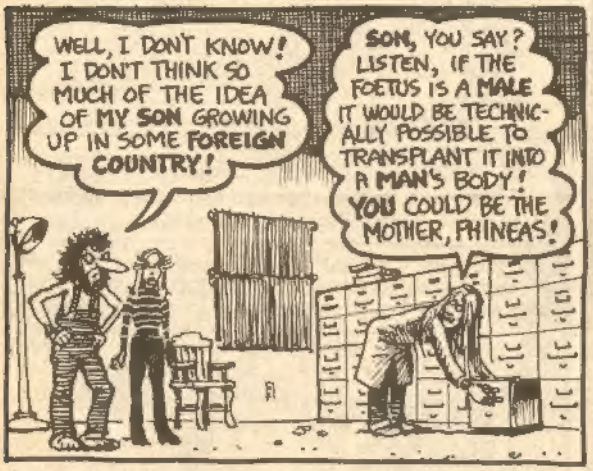
THIRTY MINUTES LATER, ACROSS TOWN:
MERRY, THIS IS MY OLD RADICAL 60'S FRIEND, CHAMBERLAIN KILLPIGGE!
HE AND I FOUGHT TOGETHER AT THE RALEIGH POLYTECH CAMPUS SELF-DESTRUCT WAY BACK IN '69!
HE'S AN M.D. NOW! THEY CALL HIM "YOUNG DOCTOR KILLPIGGE!"
UNIVERSITY OF HAVANA, 1972!

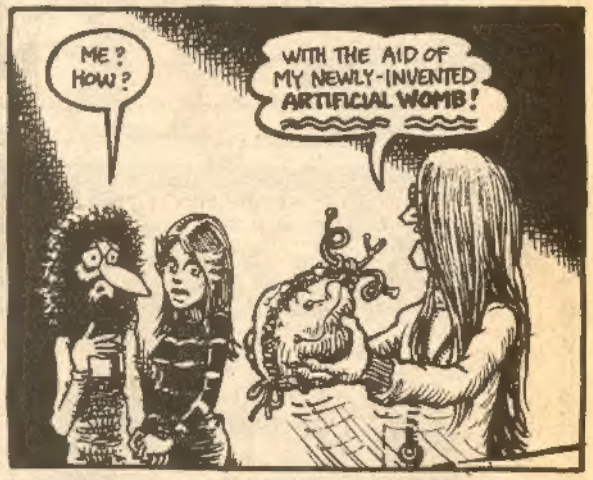
SO WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU? NEED A SCRIP FOR ANYTHING?
WELL, ACTUALLY, DOC, WE'RE JUST LOOKING FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED ABORTION!

AN ABORTION? YOU GUYS MUST BE SERIOUSLY OUT OF TOUCH WITH THE TIMES!
? ?
ADULT BOOKS
GUN

CONTEMPORARY SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT HAS DECIDED THAT HUMAN LIFE IS SACRED, AFTER ALL! THAT DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN THAT YOU HAVE TO HAVE THE BABY, THOUGH, MERRY! IF YOU DON'T WANT THE FOETUS, WE CAN FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO TAKE IT!


YOU MEAN YOU CAN TRANSPLANT THE FOETUS TO SOME OTHER WOMAN'S BODY?
THAT'S RIGHT! WE EVEN HAVE A CUSTOMER IN BIAFRA WHO CAN TAKE FOUR AT A TIME!


WELL, I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T THINK SO MUCH OF THE IDEA OF MY SON GROWING UP IN SOME FOREIGN COUNTRY!
SON, YOU SAY? LISTEN, IF THE FOETUS IS A MALE IT WOULD BE TECHNICALLY POSSIBLE TO TRANSPLANT IT INTO A MAN'S BODY! YOU COULD BE THE MOTHER, PHINEAS!


ME? HOW?
WITH THE AID OF MY NEWLY-INVENTED ARTIFICIAL WOMB!

INSTALLING IT IS A FAIRLY SIMPLE PROCEDURE, THANKS TO THE ADVANCED TECHNIQUES AND EQUIPMENT I'VE DEVELOPED! THE OPERATION WOULD ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES!
HOW ABOUT IT, PHINEAS? YOU WOULD BE THE WORLD'S FIRST PREGNANT MAN! WHAT'S WRONG? HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY BALLS?
ER, UH... YEAH!
WELL, THEN, CLIMB UP ONTO THOSE TABLES, YOU TWO!

YOU KNOW HOW TO USE THIS STUFF, DON'T YOU?
LAUGHING GAS? SURE!

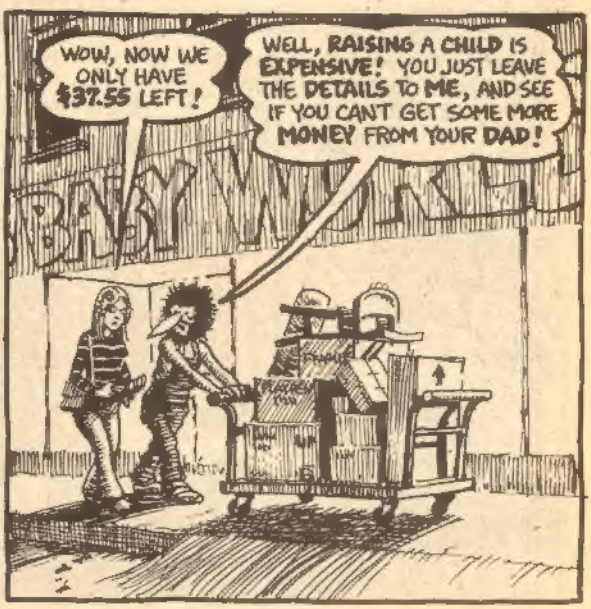
A FEW MINUTES LATER:
THERE! ALL DONE!
HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA!
HUH? YOU'RE FINISHED?

I'VE ONLY GOT A TINY LITTLE INCISION SCAR!
I HAVE A GREAT BIG ZIPPER!
OF COURSE! HOW DO YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO GET THE BABY OUT?

JUST ONE THING, PHINEAS: DON'T UNZIP YOUR ARTIFICIAL WOMB UNTIL YOU'RE SURE THE KID IS READY TO COME OUT, OR YOU MIGHT RUIN IT! JUST LIKE COOKING RICE!
ER, UH... OKAY! HOW MUCH DO WE OWE YOU?

YOU DON'T OWE ME A THING! I WORK WITHOUT PAY, IN THE SPIRIT OF FREE SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY!
HOWEVER, IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY EXOTIC DRUGS LYING AROUND, I'D BE GLAD TO TAKE THEM OFF YOUR HANDS! YOU CAN'T USE DRUGS NOW, YOU KNOW, BECAUSE YOU'RE PREGNANT!
CARE FOR A DRINK, MERRY?

WOW! NOW WE HAVE $20,000.00 TO SPEND ON FUN THINGS!
WELL, FIRST WE HAVE TO BUY A BABY CRIB AND REDECORATE THE EXTRA ROOM AND GET A BUNCH OF THINGS LIKE A HIGH CHAIR AND A BOTTLE STERILIZER AND A BOTTLE WARMER AND A SUBSCRIPTION TO CHILD PERSON MAGAZINE...
VENUS Massage
OPEN


WOW, NOW WE ONLY HAVE $37.55 LEFT!
WELL, RAISING A CHILD IS EXPENSIVE! YOU JUST LEAVE THE DETAILS TO ME, AND SEE IF YOU CAN'T GET SOME MORE MONEY FROM YOUR DAD!
BABY

AS THE MONTHS ROLL BY, OUR BEARDED PROTAGONIST FINDS HIMSELF ADAPTING EASILY TO HIS NEW SEXUAL ROLE.
I DON'T FEEL WELL THIS MORNING! MERRY, YOU CLEAN THE FLOOR! FREDDY, YOU WASH THE DISHES! FRANKLIN, BRING ME A PILLOW!
HE'S GOT "MORNING SICKNESS!"

(SIGH!) 165 POUNDS! I WONDER IF I'LL EVER REGAIN MY BOYISH FIGURE?
HEY, YOU'RE REALLY GETTING FAT! WHEN'S THE BABY DUE?

WELL, I DON'T KNOW, EXACTLY! I SUPPOSE THE BABY WILL HAVE SOME WAY OF TELLING ME WHEN IT'S READY TO BE BORN!
MAYBE I OUGHT TO GO ASK DOCTOR KILLPIGGE!
HANDS OFF EL SALVADO

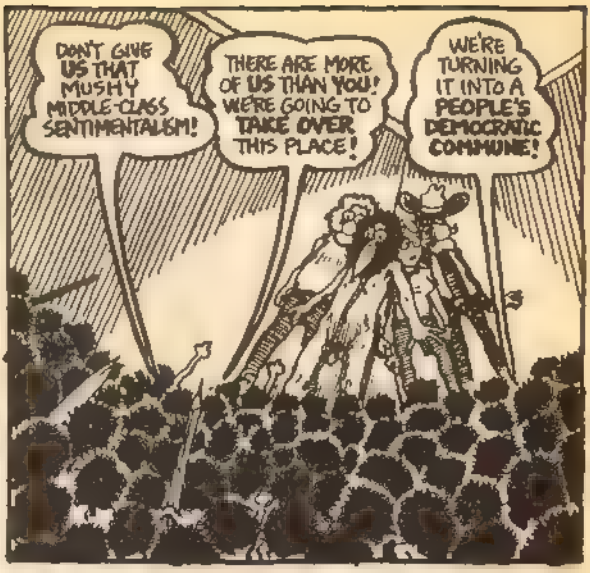
(GASP!) THE ENTIRE BUILDING IS GONE!
YOU LOOKING FOR THAT CRAZY DOCTOR? TOUGH LUCK! THE D.E.A. CAME AND BURNED DOWN THAT PLACE SIX MONTHS AGO!
KEEP OUT

NOW I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! WHEN DID YOU FIRST GET PREGNANT, MERRY?
LET'S SEE... IT WAS JANUARY BEFORE LAST, I THINK! THAT MAKES IT FOURTEEN MONTHS AGO!

FOURTEEN MONTHS? I DIDN'T REALIZE IT HAD BEEN THAT LONG!!
THAT'S BECAUSE WE WERE SMOKING DOPE THE WHOLE TIME! WE JUST LOST OUR SENSE OF PUNCTUALITY!
GOT A LIGHT?

WELL, I GUESS MAYBE I'D BETTER UNZIP TH' ZIPPER!
I'LL GET THE HOT WATER AND CLEAN TOWELS!
SNAP!
CLIC
ZZZZZZAP!
SPROING
OH, MY GOD! THERE'S DOZENS OF THEM!
THEY'RE ALL EXACT COPIES OF PHINEAS!
GRAB THEM! THEY'RE TRYING TO ESCAPE!
QUICK! LOCK THE DOORS!
GIVE US OUR FREEDOM! DEATH TO TYRANTS!
BABIES HAVE RIGHTS LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!
DOWN WITH THE PIGLIKE BOURGEOIS ESTABLISHMENT MOTHERFUCKERS!
WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED!

BUT... BUT YOU'RE JUST LITTLE BABIES! YOU SHOULD BE LYING IN YOUR TINY CRIBS LISTENING TO LULLABIES AND THINGS!


DON'T GIVE US THAT MUSHY MIDDLE-CLASS SENTIMENTALISM!
THERE ARE MORE OF US THAN YOU! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE OVER THIS PLACE!
WE'RE TURNING IT INTO A PEOPLE'S DEMOCRATIC COMMUNE!

NOT WHILE THE FLAME OF FREEDOM STILL BURNS IN MY BREAST!

TASTE THE STAINLESS BLADE OF LIBERALISM, YOU ARROGANT BUNCH OF STALINISTS!
GOOD LORD, HE'S KILLING THEM!
WHERE'S YOUR INBRED SENSE OF PACIFISM, PHINEAS? WAKE UP!
SPLUT
SLICE
CHOP

WAKE UP, PHINEAS! WAKE UP! IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR MY APPOINTMENT AT THE FREE CLINIC!
POP
HUNH? WHAT? GOOD GRIEF, I MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING ALL THIS TIME!

GUESS WHAT, PHINEAS! THE TESTS WERE POSITIVE! I'M PREGNANT!
HA HA HA! NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! I'VE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE, AND IT'S ALL GOING TO TURN OUT TO BE A DREAM!
AND SO ON...

JESUS AND The Bank Robbers

by Foolbert Sturgeon

© SEPTEMBER 1979

IN A HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS JESUS ATTENDS TO AN UNPLEASANT MONTHLY CHORE

MY GOD! LOOK AT THIS UTILITY BILL!

IT'D BE FUN TO DO A CARTOON ABOUT JESUS IN THE OLD WEST!

FUN FOR YOU MAYBE!

THAT'S A DECENT IDEA! SOUNDS LIKE STAR TREK!

NOW!

I HATE WESTERNS!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE FAN LETTERS IF THERE ARE ANY STAMPS LEFT AFTER PAYING ALL THESE BILLS... WHAT'S THIS? A NOTE TO MYSELF!

"REMEMBER TO DO THE LAST JUDGEMENT!"

QUITE AN IMPORTANT PIECE OF BUSINESS! WHY DO I KEEP PUTTING IT OFF?

FOR ONE THING, IT'S NOT GONNA BE ANY FUN! AND IT'LL BE A HELLUVA LOT OF WORK! SO MUCH RESEARCH!

SUCH A LOT OF ADMINISTRATIVE DETAIL... EVERYTHING WILL HAVE TO BE JUST RIGHT. IF IT'S NOT PERFECT WE'D BE BETTER OFF NOT DOING IT AT ALL! BAD BUSINESS SENDING INNOCENT FOLK TO AN ETERNITY IN THE HOT SLAMMER... MAYBE EVEN A SIN. BUT I WOULDN'T WANT ANYBODY TO GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING EITHER.

NAP!

I'M NOT EVEN SURE THIS IS THE BEST TIME FOR THE FINAL RECKONING, WHY NOW INSTEAD OF, SAY, 1968? OR 1984? OR EVEN LAST CENTURY! HOW DO I KNOW IF THIS TIME IS BETTER OR WORSE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO... I COULD ASK...

MAYBE I OUGHT TO CHECK! AFTER ALL, I'M OMNIPOTENT! I CAN DO ANYTHING I WANT!

WONDER IF I SHOULD BOTHER WITH SCIENTIFIC FEASIBILITY?

BISCUITS

IF I'M GOING BACK TO THE 19TH CENTURY MAYBE I OUGHT TO PLAN A L TTLE. MY RE-ENTRY INTO THIS CENTURY SURE COULD HAVE BEEN BETTER!

HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT DECENT FOLKS HATED DIRTY LONG-HAIRED HIPPIES... OR THAT I LOOKED LIKE ONE?

I'LL PLAY IT SMART. THIS TIME I'LL STASH THE HALO AND GO INCONSPICUOUSLY DRESSED IN THE CURRENT FASHION. I'LL MAKE IT AN EVEN HUNDRED AND GO BACK TO 1880, SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE COUNTRY, MISSOURI, TEXAS, NEW MEXICO, SOME PLACE LIKE THAT...

OK, HERE GOES... GEE I GUESS I SHOULD PHONE TO STOP THE PAPER, AND GET SOMEONE TO FEED THE CAT... UH, OH TOO LATE NOW !!!

HM... NOBODY HERE...

FOR MILES AROUND...

IT'S TERRIBLY HOT TOO. I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO HOOF IT IN THESE DAMN COWBOY BOOTS!

OOH, OOH EEE, I'M BURNING UP. MY FEET ARE KILLING ME.

I'M HUNGRY, I'M THIRSTY I'M LOST.

HM... CURRENT FASHION SEEMS TO DICTATE CARRYING A SIDE-ARM... I WONDER IF I CAN USE IT PROFICIENTLY...

THAT'S A SILLY QUESTION. BEING OMN.POTENT I'M GOOD AT EVERYTHING!

FINALLY! HERE COME SOME GOOD OLD BOYS, WITH AN EXTRA MOUNT!

HEY, THERE HOSS! WE'RE HEADED FOR TOWN TO RAISE A LITTLE HELL, CARE TO JOIN IN?

SURE BOYS COUNT ME IN !!!

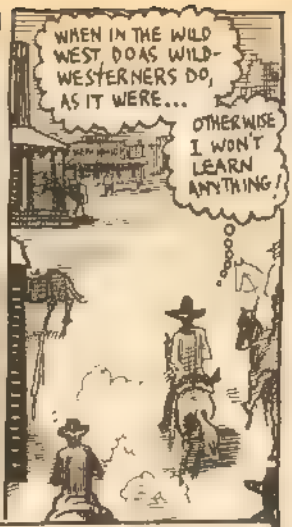
TOUGH LOOKIN' HOMBRE!

ARE YOU A DESPERADO?

YEAH, I'M FEELING KIND OF DESPERATE AT THE MOMENT.

HAVE A CHAW?

WELL, THIS IS CERTAINLY A FRIENDLY GROUP!



AND, REMEMBER, READERS, JESUS IS NOT WEARING HIS HALO WHILE HE INVESTIGATES CONDITIONS IN THE 19TH CENTURY!

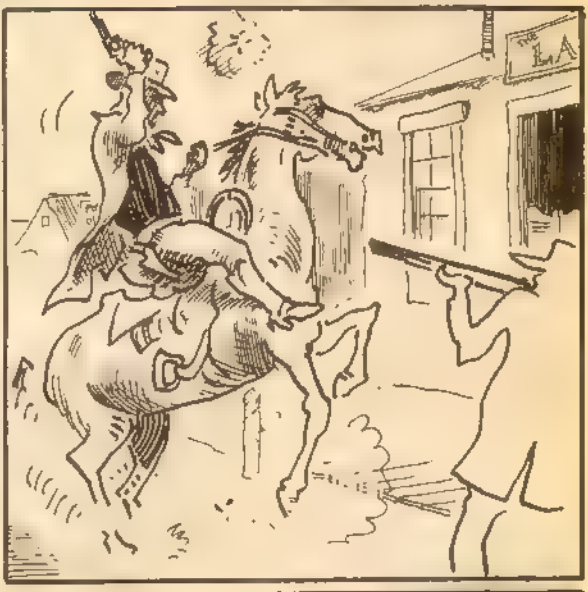
ARRIVING IN TOWN THE BOYS CAROUSE FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS TILL THEY RUN OUT OF MONEY.

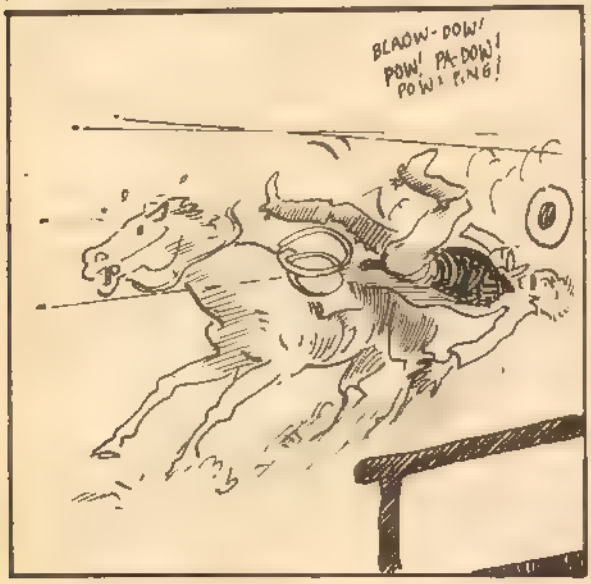
THE CLERK LOCKS TRICKY DICK IN THE VAULT...
HEY!
SLAM
CLICK!
WESTERN CO SUPERSAFE

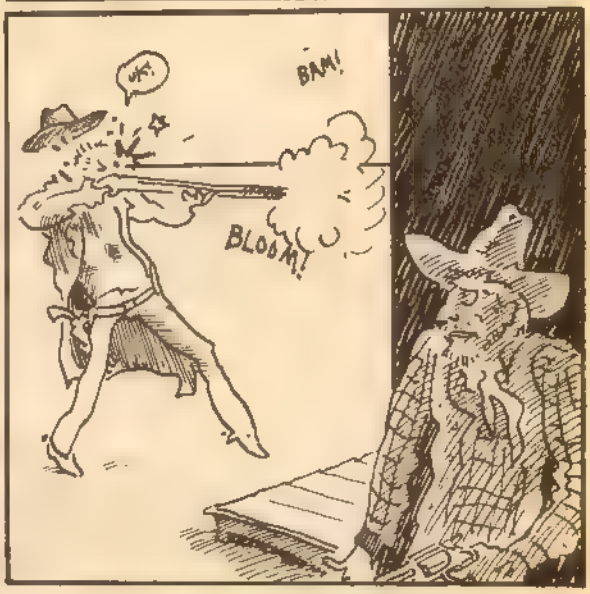
... AND SHOTGUNS OPEN FIRE FROM AMBUSH!
BLAM!
BANG!
CRASH!
BLOOEY!
BOOM!

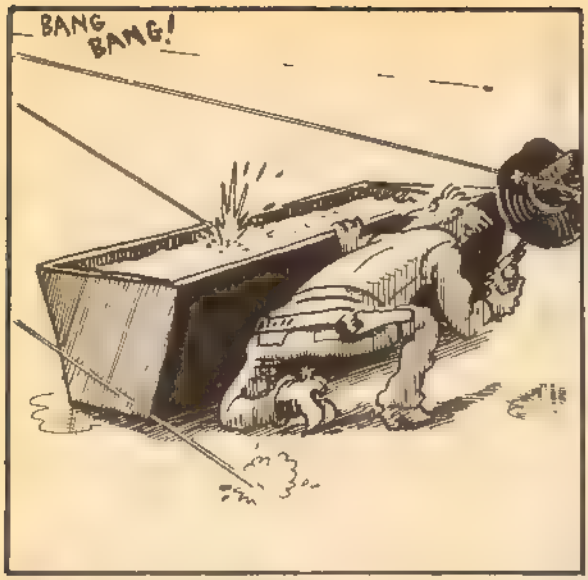
THE DIRTY BASTARDS WERE LAYING FOR US! SHOOT YOUR WAY OUT, BOYS!
HELP!

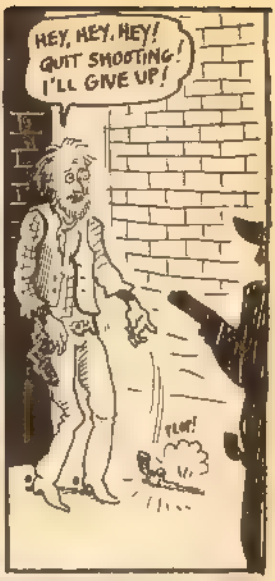
BLAM
BANG!
BOOM!

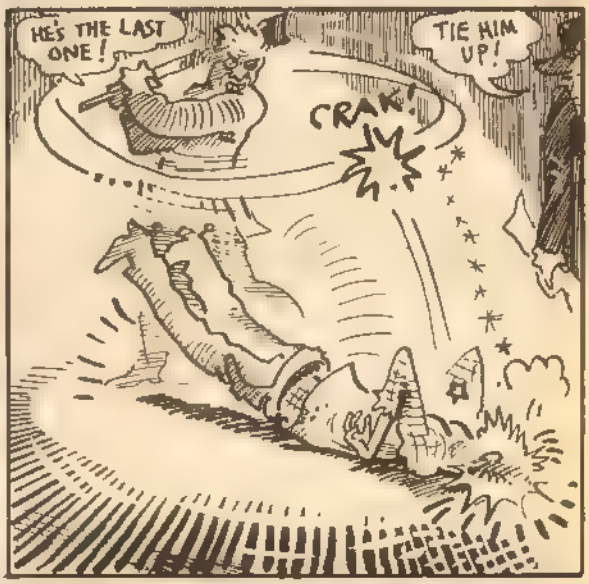



BLAOW-DOW!
POW! PA-DOW!
POW! PING!

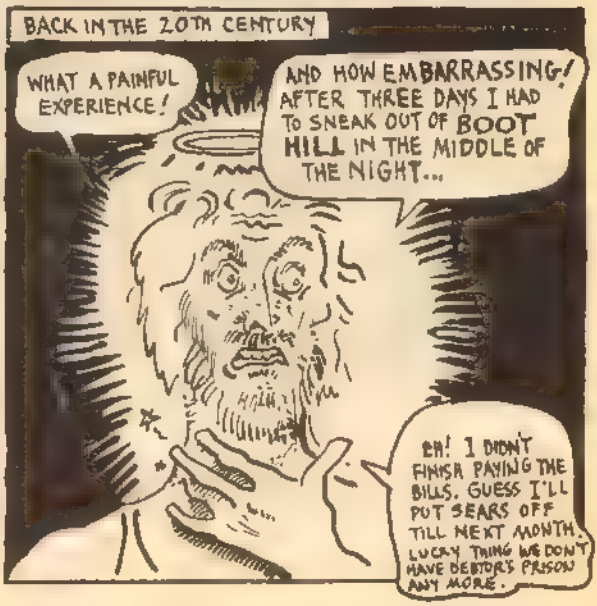

UK.
BAM!
BLOOM!







EVEN WHEN YOU'RE OMNIPOTENT, YOU HAVE TO STAY ON YOUR TOES TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!



CONCLUSION

WONDER WART-HOG IN THE BATTLE OF THE TITANS!!!

NO MATTER HOW HARD I BASH THIS PIG, IT DOESN'T SEEM TO HURT HIM!

NO MATTER HOW MUCH I TWIST HIS ARM, I CAN'T MAKE HIM SAY UNCLE!

MY SWITCHBLADE CAN'T PENETRATE HIS ELECTROMATIC SHIELD!

THE MIND PARALYZER HAS NO EFFECT ON THAT PRIMITIVE PIG!

PUM

AS OUR STORY OPENS WE FIND A STRANGE PRIMITIVE FIGURE STALKING THE NIGHT STREETS OF MUTHALODE...

I SMELL A WART-HOG AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!

P. DESANEX

THE PRIMITIVE PIG'S KEEN SENSE OF SMELL LEADS HIM INTO THE BEDROOM OF SLEEPING PHILBERT DESANEX (WHO IS, IN REALITY, WONDER WART-HOG)..

I CAN SMELL HIM, BUT I CAN'T SEE HIM! THAT OL' WART-HOG MUST BE SLEEPING INSIDE THAT FUNNY LOOKING SHELL!

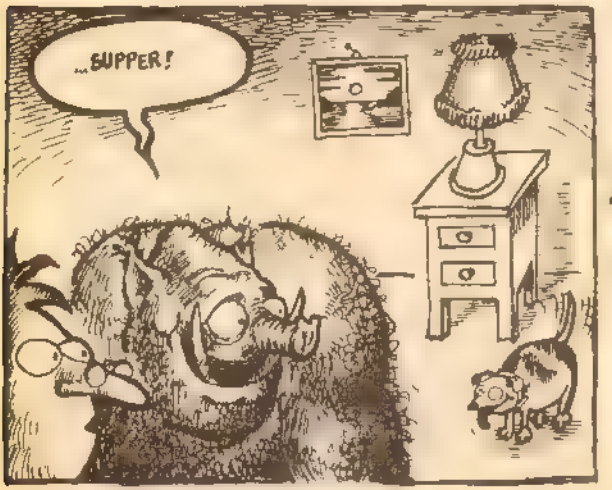
By Gilbert Shelton and Tony Bell with Joe E. Brown, Jr.

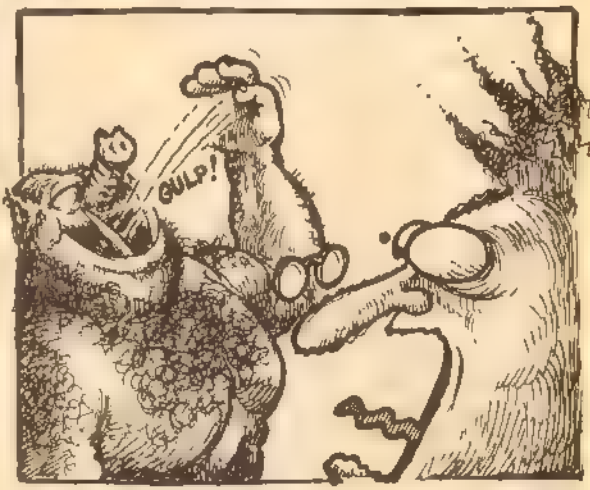
I'LL JUST BREAK IT OPEN AND WAKE THAT OL' WART-HOG UP!

WHONK!

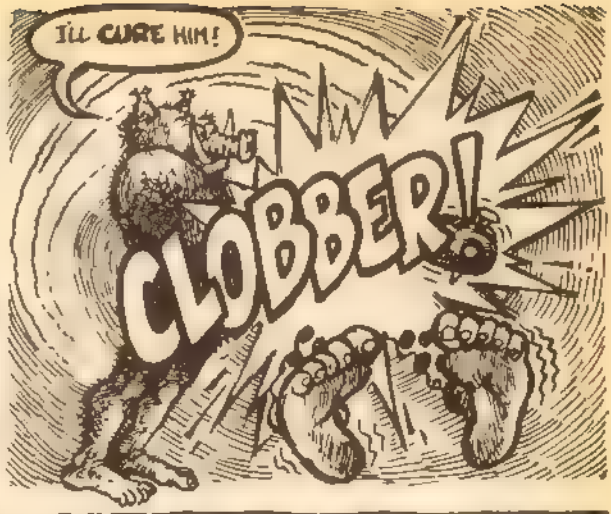
JUST WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?
HOP
HOP
HOP
HOP

MY NAME IS PILTDOWN PIG! I GOT CLANGED ON THE HEAD ABOUT, OH, 50,000 YEARS AGO BY A DINOSAUR, AND I JUST NOW WOKE UP, AND I'M LOST! AND I'M HUNGRY...


...SUPPER!

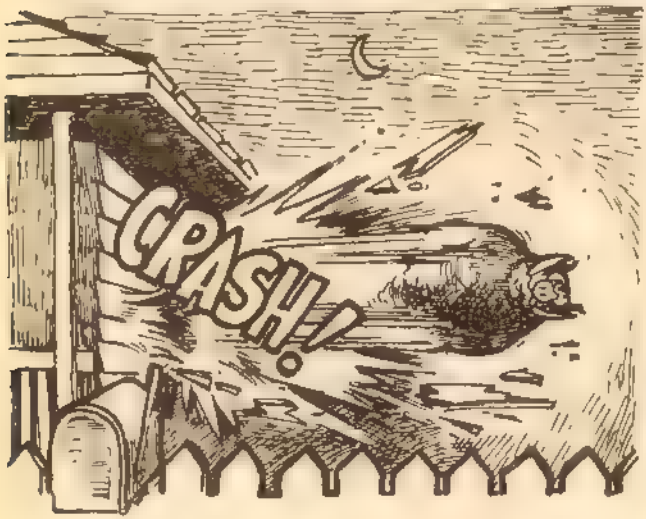

GULP!

PUFF! YOU ATE MY DOG, PUFF! YOU JUST GOBBLED HIM UP!!! MY FAITHFUL PET!
GOOD GRIEF! HE'S HYSTERICAL!


I'LL CURE HIM!
CLOBBER!

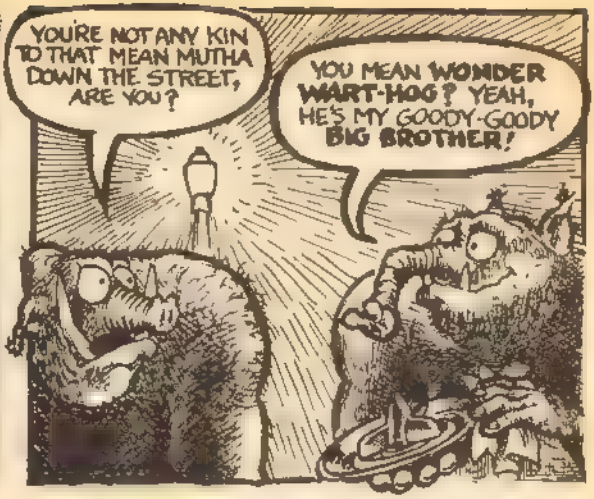
oooooooooooooooooo!

THERE! I THOUGHT THERE WAS A WART-HOG INSIDE THERE!
I AM NORMALLY A GRACIOUS CORDIAL HOST, BUT YOU HAVE JUST WORN OUT YOUR WELCOME, PILTDOWN!


CRASH!

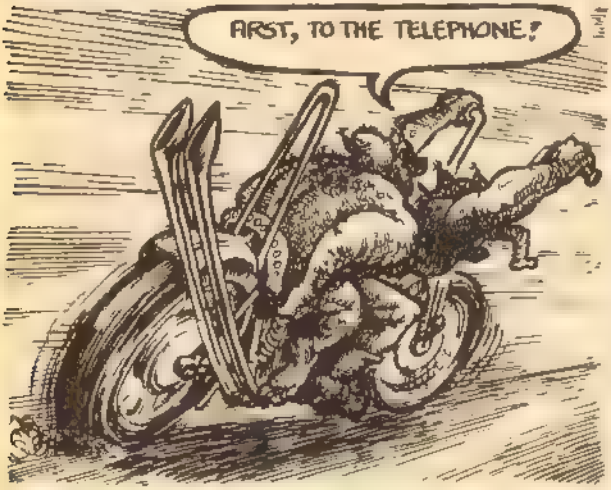
GRUNT! I'M STILL LOST! AND I'M HUNGRY AGAIN!

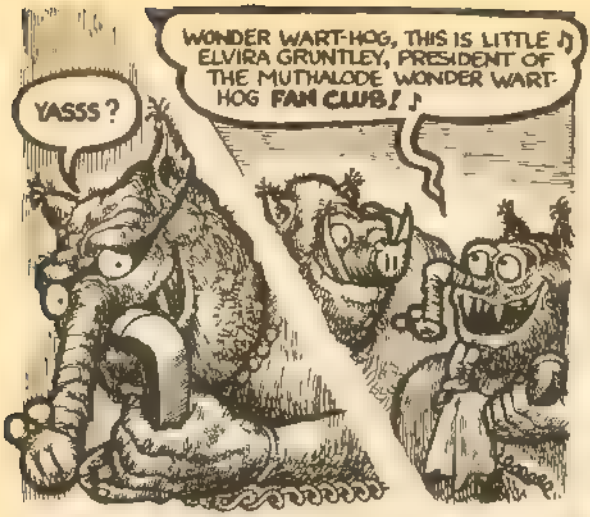
ANOTHER WART-HOG!

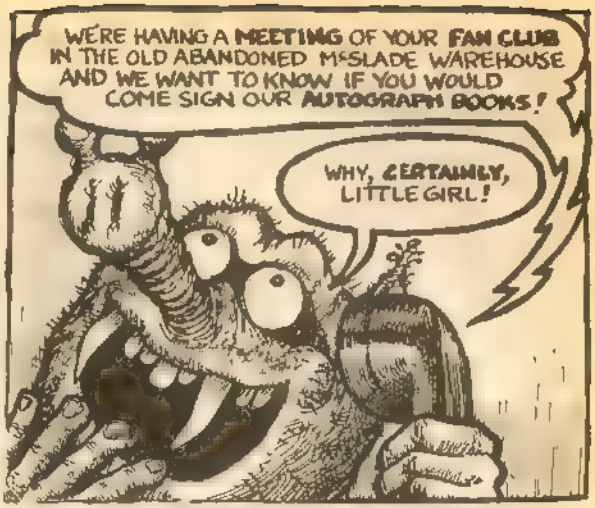

YOU'RE NOT ANY KIN TO THAT MEAN MUTHA DOWN THE STREET, ARE YOU?
YOU MEAN WONDER WART-HOG? YEAH, HE'S MY GOODY-GOODY BIG BROTHER!

MY NAME IS PARANOID PUNKPIG AND I MAKE MY LIVING POPPING HUBCAPS, SELLING DOPE TO SCHOOLCHILDREN, AND SQUEALING ON MY FRIENDS!

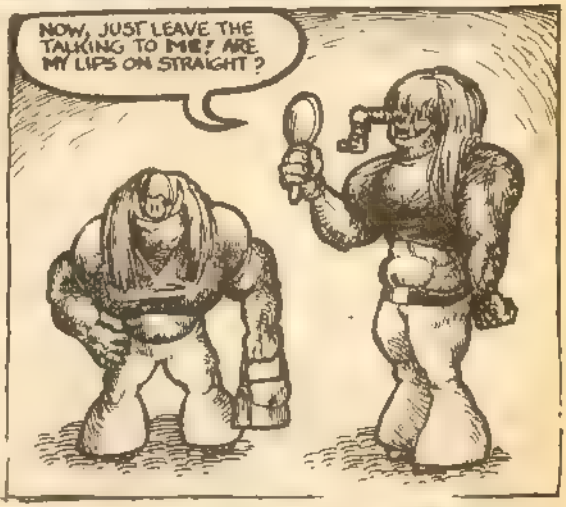
YOU'RE THE FIRST SANE PERSON I'VE MET AROUND HERE! WANTA HELP ME KNOCK OFF YOUR BIG BROTHER?
I'D LOVE TO! BUT HE'S A TOUGH ONE! WE'LL HAVE TO RIG AN AMBUSH!


FIRST, TO THE TELEPHONE!

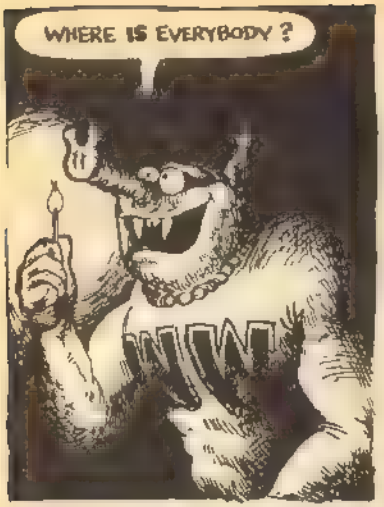

YASSS?
WONDER WART-HOG, THIS IS LITTLE ELVIRA GRUNTLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE MUTHALODE WONDER WART-HOG FAN CLUB! ♪


WE'RE HAVING A MEETING OF YOUR FAN CLUB IN THE OLD ABANDONED McSLADE WAREHOUSE AND WE WANT TO KNOW IF YOU WOULD COME SIGN OUR AUTOGRAPH BOOKS!
WHY, CERTAINLY, LITTLE GIRL!

HE FELL FOR IT! HE'LL BE AT THE OLD WAREHOUSE IN FIVE MINUTES!
QUICK! INTO OUR COSTUMES!


NOW, JUST LEAVE THE TALKING TO ME! ARE MY LIPS ON STRAIGHT?

WOW! WHAT A SWELL CLUBHOUSE MY FAN CLUB HAS! MAKES A FELLA DOWNRIGHT PROUD!
PIER 6


WHERE IS EVERYBODY ?

OVER HERE, WONDER WART-HOG! COME SIGN OUR AUTOGRAPH BOOKS!

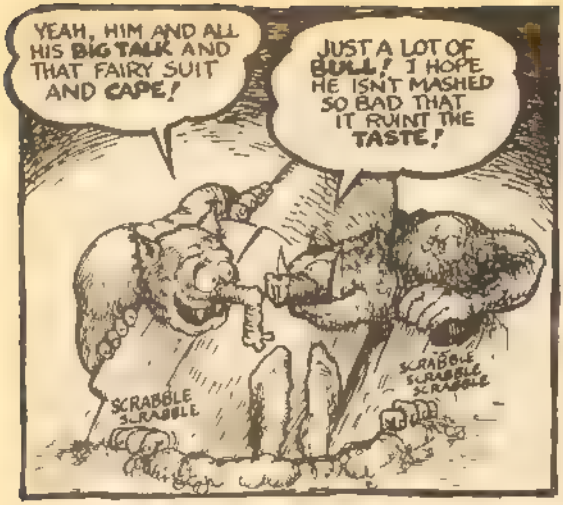
WHERE? WHERE?
HERE! HERE!
OH! I FOUND THEM!

W, O, N,...

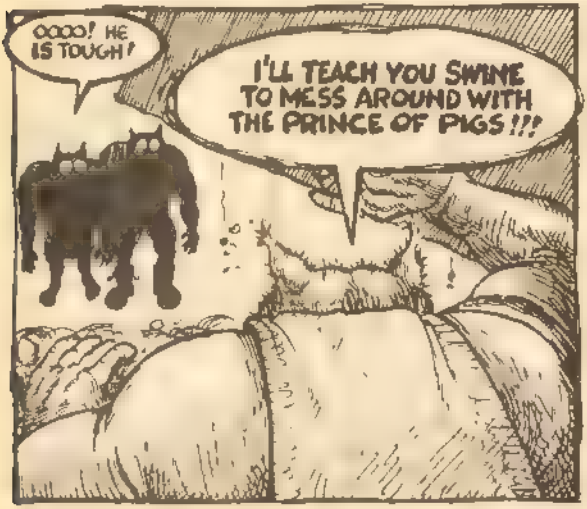
ARMY GIANT ANGLE

MASH!

GOOD SHOT, PILTDOWN! YOU PASTED HIM!
HE WASN'T SO TOUGH!

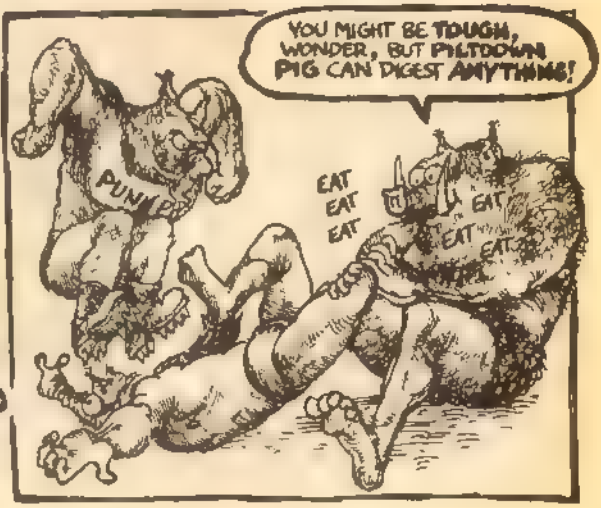

YEAH, HIM AND ALL HIS BIG TALK AND THAT FAIRY SUIT AND CAPE!
JUST A LOT OF BULL! I HOPE HE ISN'T MASHED SO BAD THAT IT RUINT THE TASTE!
SCRABBLE SCRABBLE
SCRABBLE SCRABBLE SCRABBLE

KLONG!


OOOO! HE IS TOUGH!
I'LL TEACH YOU SWINE TO MESS AROUND WITH THE PRINCE OF PIGS!!!

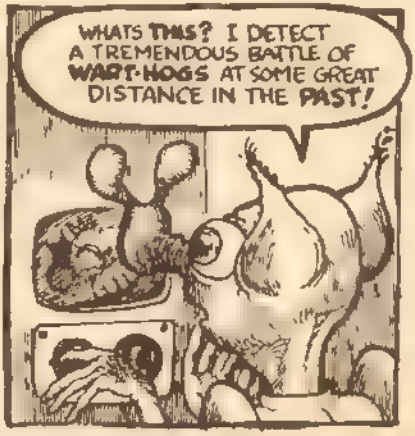
LISTEN! YOU MIGHT BE THE WORLD'S TOUGHEST WART-HOG, BUT I AM DEFINITELY THE WORLD'S DIRTIEST FIGHTER!
FOR INSTANCE, JUST LOOK UP THERE!
WHERE?

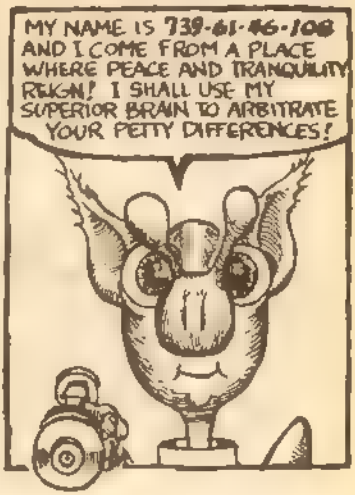
JAB!
KNEE!


YOU MIGHT BE TOUGH, WONDER, BUT PILTDOWN PIG CAN DIGEST ANYTHING!
PUNK
EAT EAT EAT
EAT EAT EAT

SNARL
FLING
BASH
WHISTLE
REND
POKE
CRUNCH
H_2SO_4 ACID 550 LB.
WHONG
KICK
KICK

The noise of the ensuing battle, only a minuscule portion of which can be represented graphically here, was actually so overwhelming that it transcended the physical limits of ordinary noise and penetrated into the FIFTH DIMENSION, where, by coincidence, a wart-hog of the FUTURE is listening.

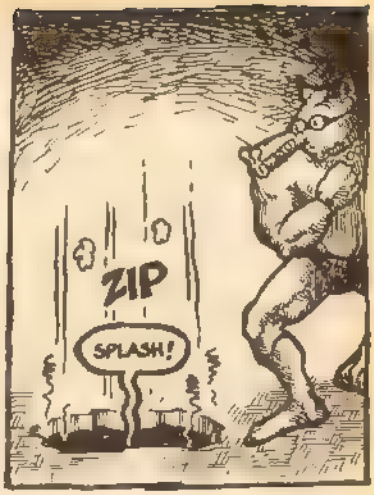




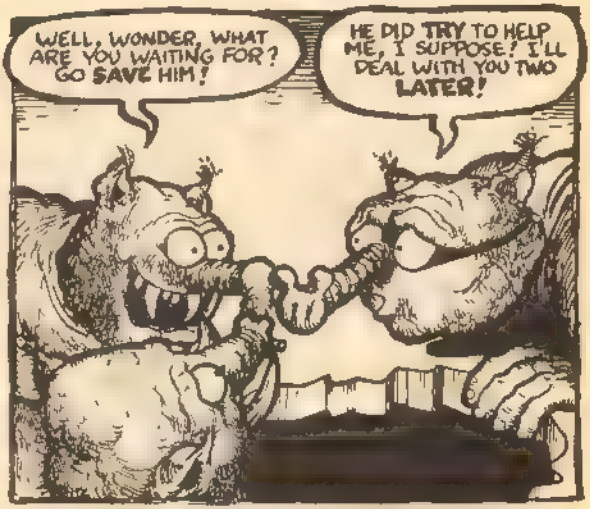
OH, I SEE! YOU'RE FROM THE FUTURE!
NO, MY SON! I LIVE IN THE ADVANCED PRESENT! YOU COME FROM THE PAST!
NO, NO! THIS IS THE PRESENT, AND HE AND I ARE BOTH FROM IT!
NO, NO, NO! YOU'RE ALL LIVING IN THE PAST! I KNOW!
THAT ONE THERE, HE'S FROM THE PAST!
AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED, THERE IS ACTUALLY NO FUTURE!
NOW LISTEN TO ME!
PUNK PIG
GOTCHA!
SNATCH
SURRENDER, WONDER WART-HOG, OR I'LL FEED THIS CUTE LIL FELLER TO THE MONSTER!
SLOBBER SLOBBER SLOBBER
(I'LL HAVE TO PLAY ALONG WITH THEM AND STALL FOR TIME!)
OKAY, I SURRENDER!
LET'S MIX UP TH' CONCRETE!
(PSST! PSST! YOU'RE THE GOOD GUY, AREN'T YOU? LISTEN, IF YOU CAN JUST FLIP THIS LITTLE HIDDEN SWITCH ON MY BELT IT WILL TURN ON MY AUTOMATIC ELECTROSTATIC SHIELD AND NOBODY WILL BE ABLE TO TOUCH ME!)

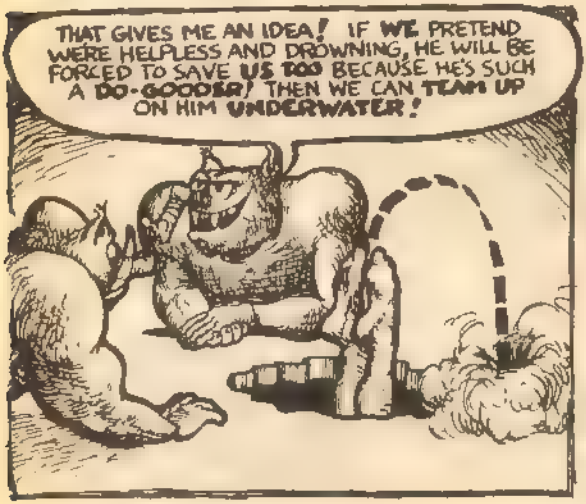
HUMMMMM

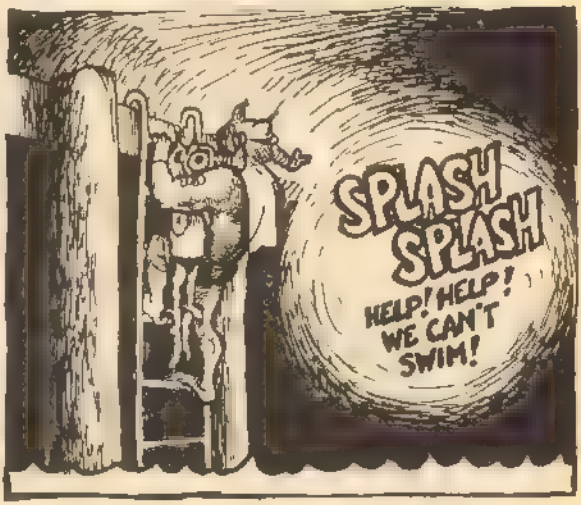
ALL RIGHT, YOU CADS! WE'VE GOT YOU NOW!
HISS HISS
HISS HISS


ZIP
SPLASH!

HELP HELP HELP HELP HELP HELP! I CAN'T SWIM!

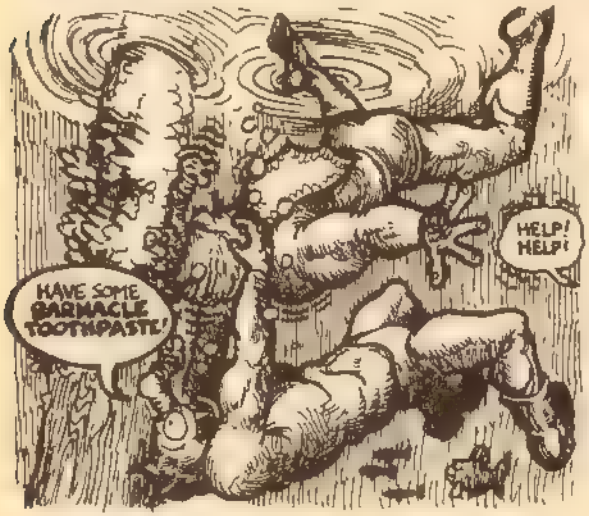

WELL, WONDER, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GO SAVE HIM!
HE DID TRY TO HELP ME, I SUPPOSE! I'LL DEAL WITH YOU TWO LATER!


THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! IF WE PRETEND WERE HELPLESS AND DROWNING, HE WILL BE FORCED TO SAVE US TOO BECAUSE HE'S SUCH A DO-GOODER! THEN WE CAN TEAM UP ON HIM UNDERWATER!

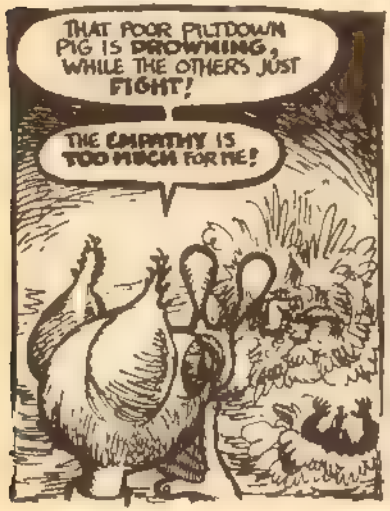

SPLASH SPLASH
HELP! HELP! WE CAN'T SWIM!

STAY HERE, 739·61 46·108! I'M OBLIGATED TO SAVE THOSE TWO FOUL FIENDS!
MY FRIENDS JUST CALL ME "739"!
HELP!
HELP!

SPLAT!
HELP! HELP!


HELP! HELP!
HAVE SOME BARNACLE TOOTHPASTE!

OH, PLEASE, HELP! I REALLY CAN'T SWIM! I'D NEVER EVEN BEEN IN WATER!


THAT POOR PILTDOWN PIG IS DROWNING, WHILE THE OTHERS JUST FIGHT!
THE EMPATHY IS TOO MUCH FOR ME!

HERE! CATCH THIS!

YOU... YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

BZAP!

IS THIS, THEN, THE END FOR THE BELOVED HOG OF STEEL? (NOT TO MENTION HIS YOUNG KID BROTHER PARANOID PUNKPIG WHO, AS WE ALL KNOW, IS FULLY CAPABLE OF BECOMING A USEFUL MEMBER OF SOCIETY THROUGH MODERN SOCIAL REHABILITATION) (OR, IF THAT FAILS, THROUGH PREFRONTAL LOBOTOMY) WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW? WELL THEN, CHEER UP, FOR THIS STORY IS...

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

RIP OFF COMIX INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS the

British Comix Bonus

INTRODUCTION

It's getting so you can't hardly tell the British from the good, honest, Godfearing American. Peter Sellers (the late), *Monty Python* and Dudley Moore are all household names in the U.S. Even Benny Hill and Tommy Cooper have penetrated your TV. Andy Capp is one of America's most popular comic strips. And the next British sensation on the U.S. box is going to be something called "The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy." Remember, you read it here first.

All these are British — more or less to the core.

In return, the most famous American comics and humorists are invariably appreciated in Britain even if Her Majesty's Government did pack Lenny Bruce on the next plane home when he tried to visit England. Even the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers are known to and loved by every punk and rocker in the land, available in my local wholefood shop, for God's sake.

So it figures that there must be some common meeting ground between the humor of the two countries. Because I say so, that's why. Who's writing this introduction? And it's not just roughly the same language. There's a lot more. Only one of the cartoonists in this section of British alternative — that is not mainstream — comic strips, Terry Gilliam, could be said to be truly trans-Atlantic. And he can't help it. A transplanted American, Gilliam has put down strong roots in British films and TV. He won't be going home again, but his Anglo-American (or Americo-Anglican) humor strikes a chord common to both countries. Perhaps if we killed Gilliam and analyzed a sample, we could find out how this hybrid strain come about. Perhaps.

The others in this section are all purely British and, for the most part, they come from the fringe press covering subjects ranging from rock ("The Lone Groover") to anti-vivisection ("The Wacky World of Wildlife") to sci-fi ("Three-Eyed McGurk").

Whether these strips manage to transcend the considerable culture gap (for instance, cannibalism, which is frowned upon in the U.S. is quite socially acceptable in urban Britain) between the United States and Britain is up to you. Gilbert Shelton — remember him? — selected them as the best available examples of British alternative comic strips, and you'd bloody well better enjoy them. Gilbert gets very irritated when you don't appreciate his hard work. And as, presumably, you have already paid for this comic — unless you're a shoplifter or one of that despicable breed, the comprehensive browser — you might as well go ahead and enjoy them. Okay?

Charles Alverson
Cambridge, England

(NOTE Charles (Chuck) Alverson is an expatriate American who used to dabble in humor (or humour as he calls it now) Long-time satire fans will recall his editing work for Harvey Kurtzman's *Help!* Magazine in the 60's. Alverson now confines himself to cheap fiction (*Goodey's Last Stand* and *Not Sleeping, Just Dead*) and even cheaper journalism

ABOUT THE CARTOONISTS

HUNT EMERSON lives in Birmingham, and is comix editor of *Fortean Times, the Journal of Strange Phenomena*. His book, *Thunderdogs*, is published by Rip Off Press.

TONY BENYON's character, The Lone Groover, was published in *New Musical Express*. Benyon's work can also be seen in an inexpensive book called *How T'Make It as a Rock Star*, published by NME and available from Knockabout Comics, 249 Kensal Rd., London W10, England.

EDWARD BARKER's strip, "The Wacky World of Wildlife", appears in *The Beast*, the magazine of the Animal Liberation Movement. (1 year for $22.50, air mail; 2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11, England.)

KURT VILE and PEDRO HENRY are the pen names of ALAN MOORE and STEVE MOORE (no relation), whose "Three-Eyed McGurk" originally appeared in *Dark Star*.

SAVAGE PENCIL (Edwin Pouncey to his Mum) draws the "Rock 'n' Roll Zoo" for *Sounds* — yet another British music tabloid.

CHRIS WELCH, former editor of underground comix in Birmingham, now works as a free-lance artist in London.

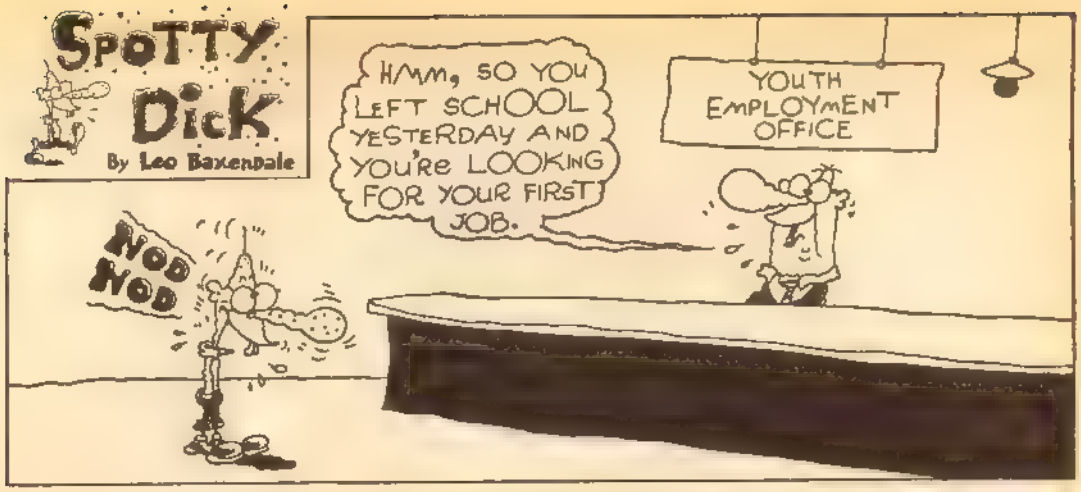
LEO BAXENDALE is the favorite of generations of British weekly comic tabloid readers for such strips as "The Bash Street Kids", "Minnie the Minx", and "Little Plum". Our selection of work is from *The Willy the Kid Book # 1* (London, Gerald Duckworth & Co.,1976).

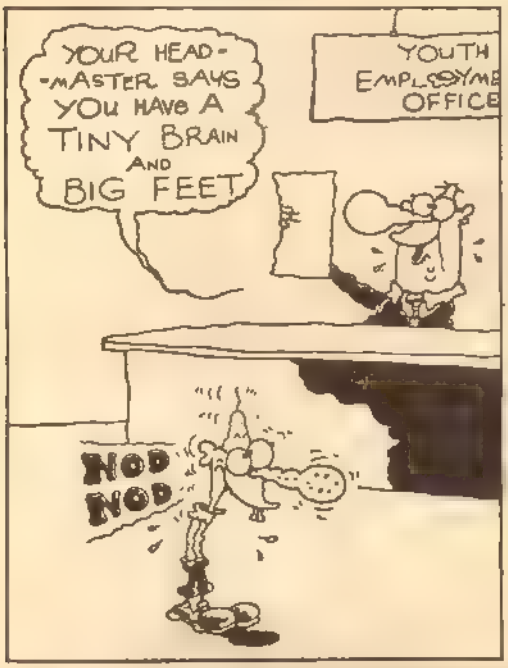
TERRY GILLIAM, world-renowned for his work with *MONTY PYTHON* and his movies *The Jabberwocky* and *The Time Bandits*, actually comes from Los Angeles, California but since he has lived in London for the last twelve years he qualifies as an honorary tea-sipper.

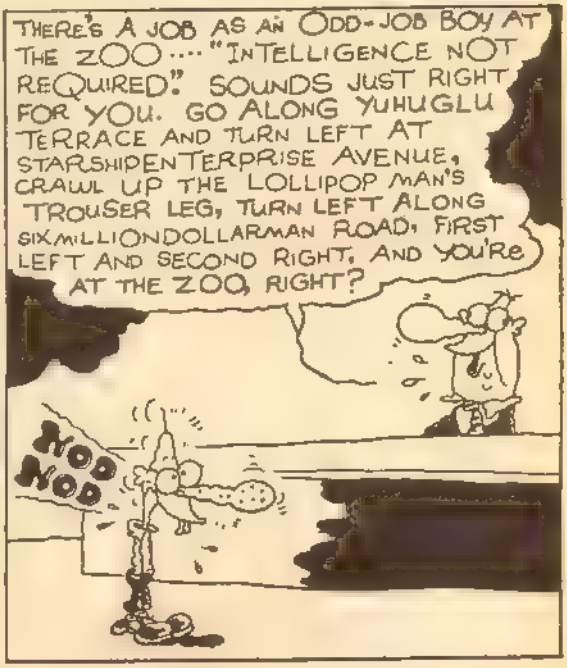
Gilbert Shelton
Grand Canal, Mars

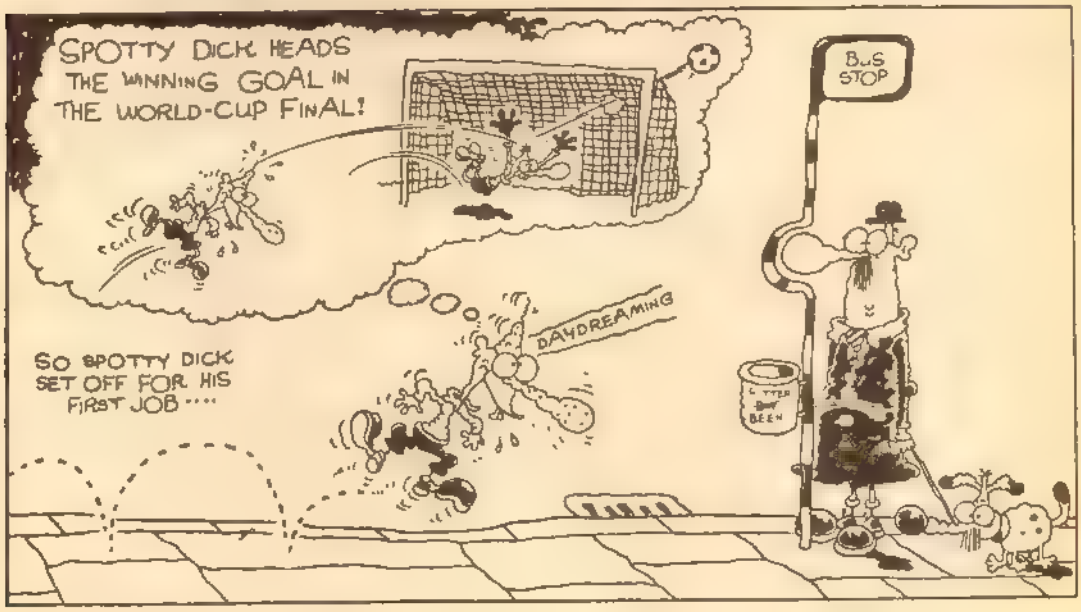
SPOTTY DICK

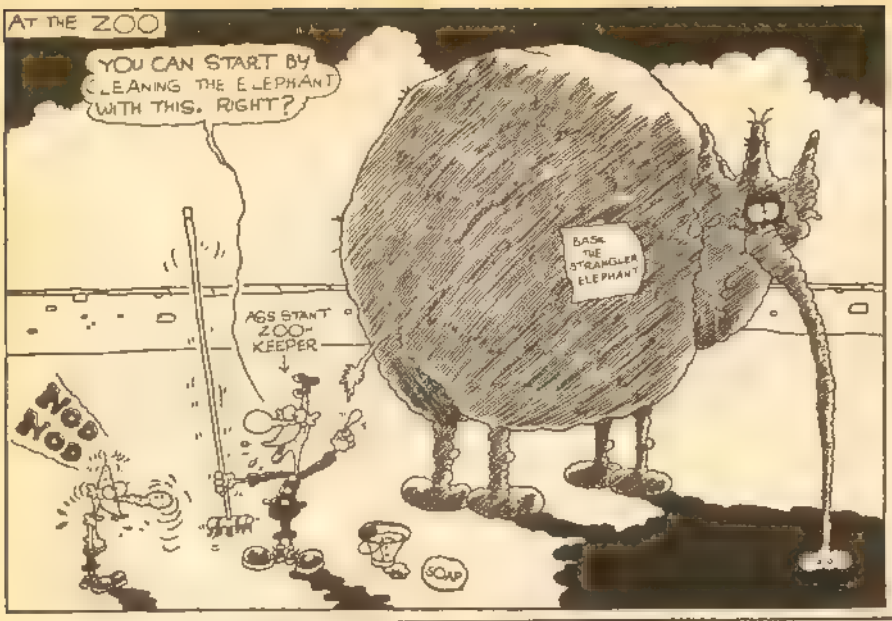
By Leo Baxendale

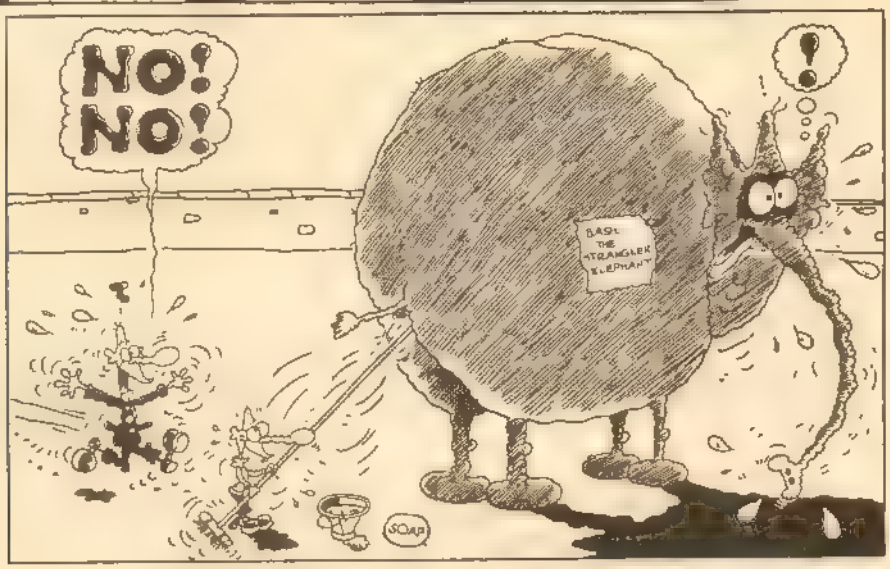


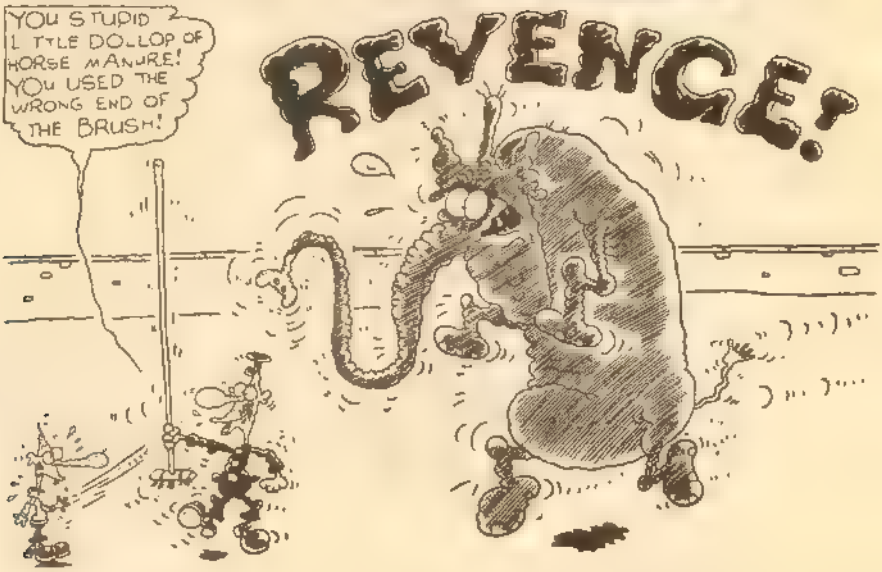




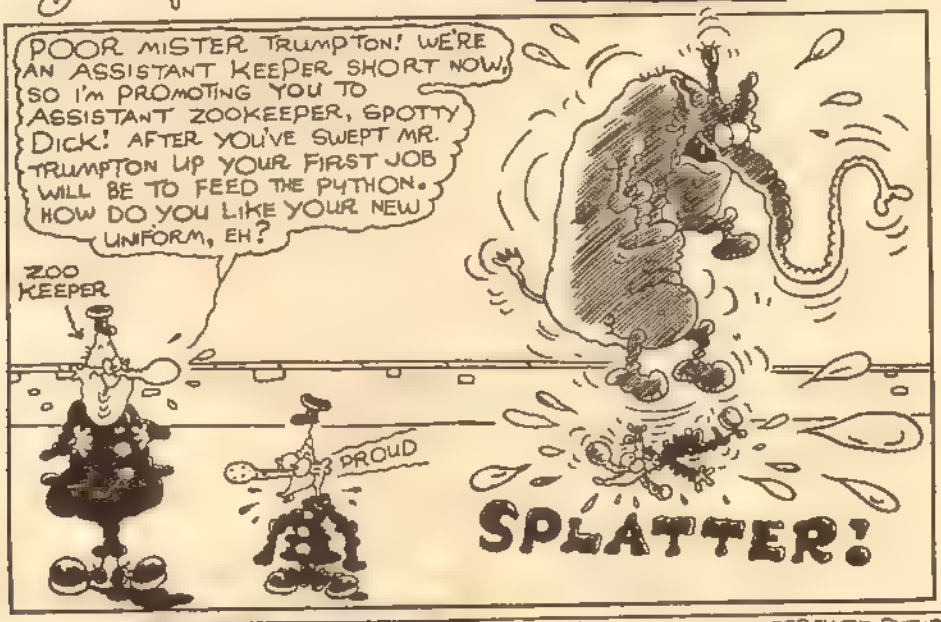


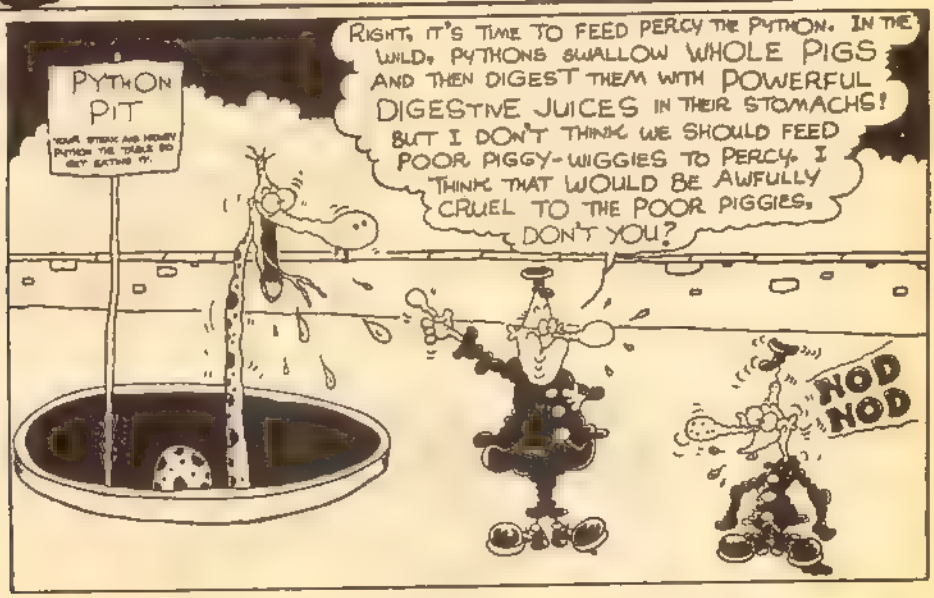

AT THE ZOO
YOU CAN START BY CLEANING THE ELEPHANT WITH THIS. RIGHT?
BASIL THE STRANGLER ELEPHANT
ASSISTANT ZOO-KEEPER
NOD NOD
SOAP


NO! NO!
!
BASIL THE STRANGLER ELEPHANT
SOAP

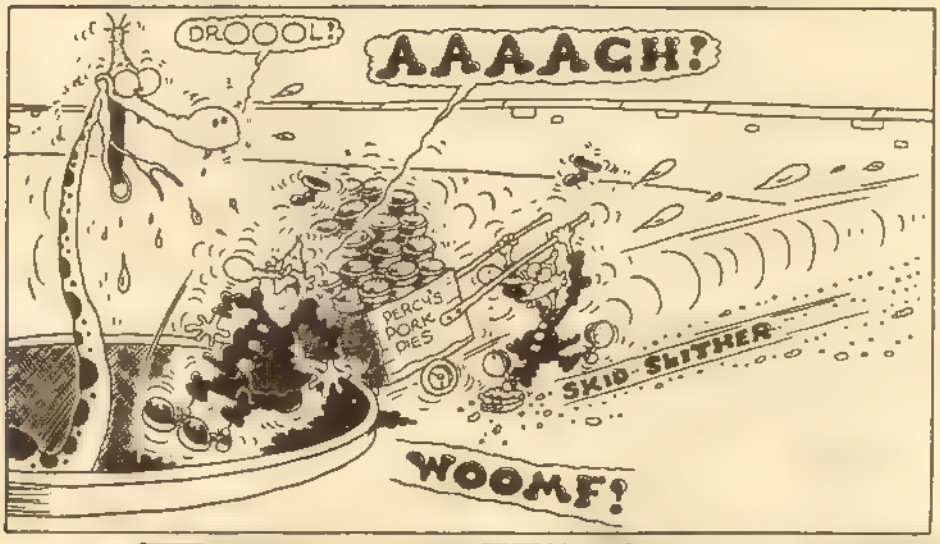

YOU STUPID LITTLE DOLLOP OF HORSE MANURE! YOU USED THE WRONG END OF THE BRUSH!
REVENGE!

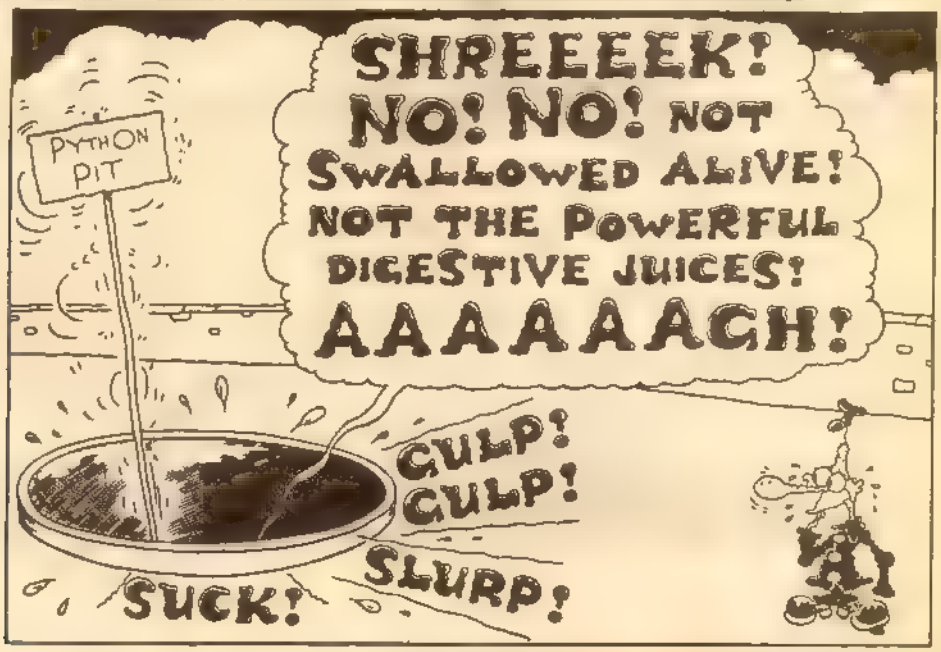
GLUC

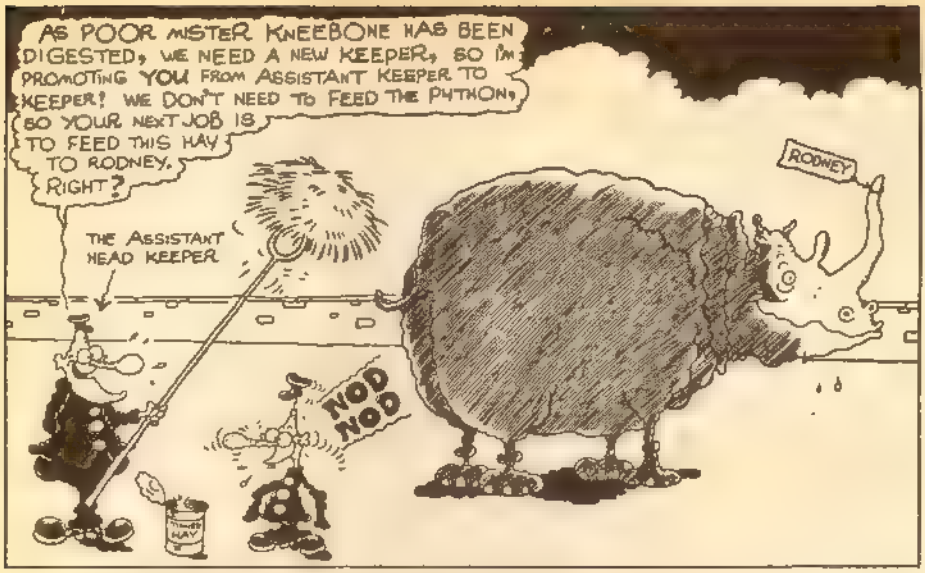

POOR MISTER TRUMPTON! WE'RE AN ASSISTANT KEEPER SHORT NOW, SO I'M PROMOTING YOU TO ASSISTANT ZOOKEEPER, SPOTTY DICK! AFTER YOU'VE SWEPT MR. TRUMPTON UP YOUR FIRST JOB WILL BE TO FEED THE PYTHON. HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW UNIFORM, EH?
ZOO KEEPER
PROUD
SPLATTER!

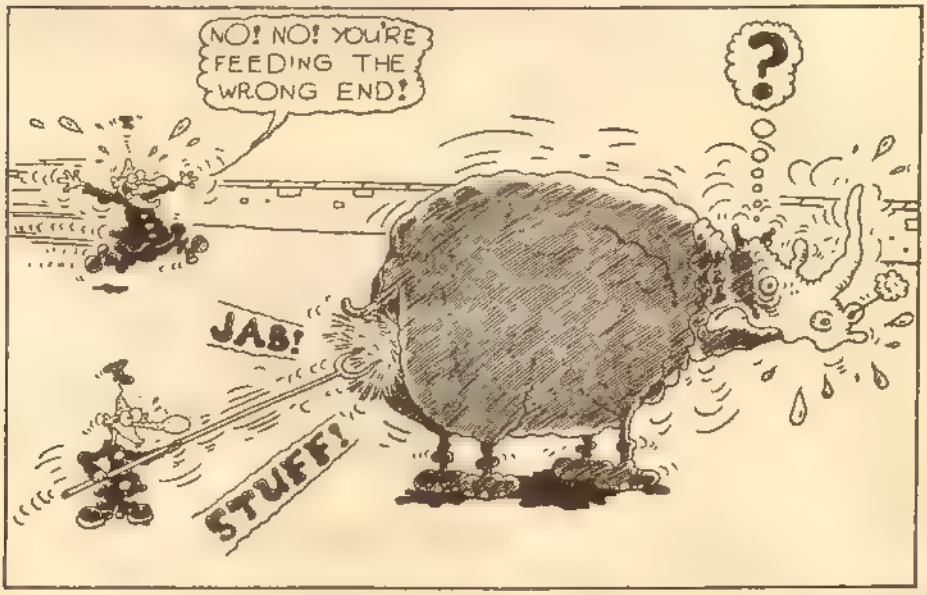

PYTHON PIT
RIGHT, IT'S TIME TO FEED PERCY THE PYTHON. IN THE WILD, PYTHONS SWALLOW WHOLE PIGS AND THEN DIGEST THEM WITH POWERFUL DIGESTIVE JUICES IN THEIR STOMACHS! BUT I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD FEED POOR PIGGY-WIGGIES TO PERCY. I THINK THAT WOULD BE AWFULLY CRUEL TO THE POOR PIGGIES, DON'T YOU?
NOD NOD

PYTHON PIT
..SO WE FEED PERCY WITH NICE PORK PIES.
PERCY'S PORK PIES
PLOP!

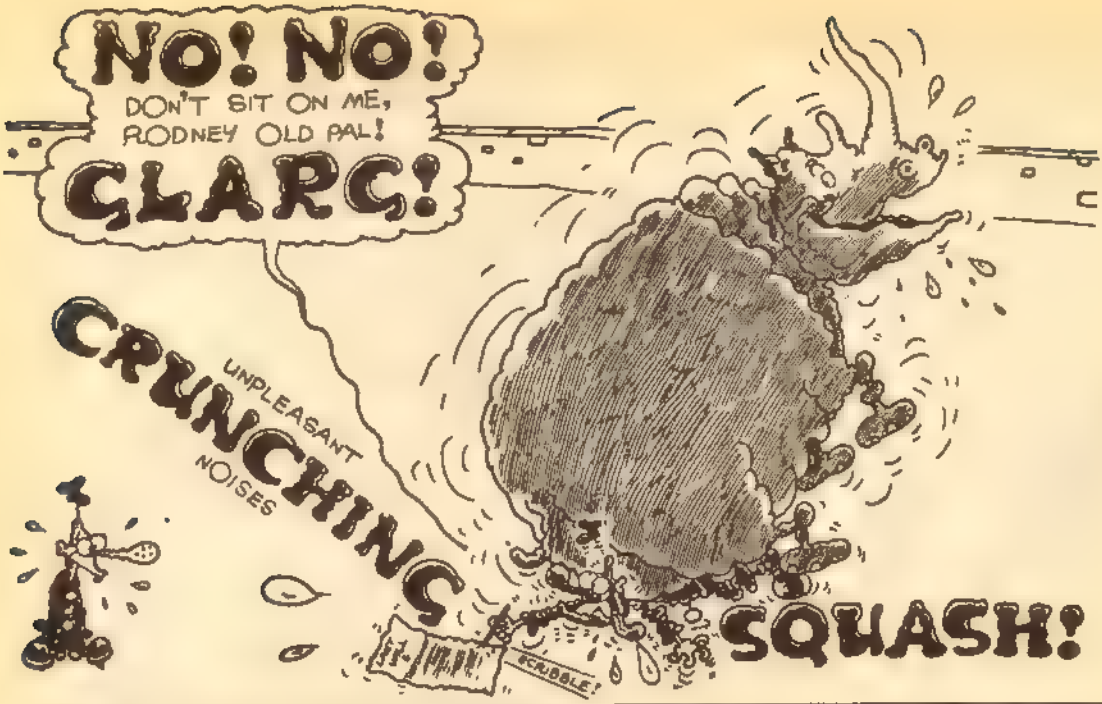

DROOOL!
AAAACH!
PERCY'S PORK PIES
SKID-SLITHER
WOOMF!

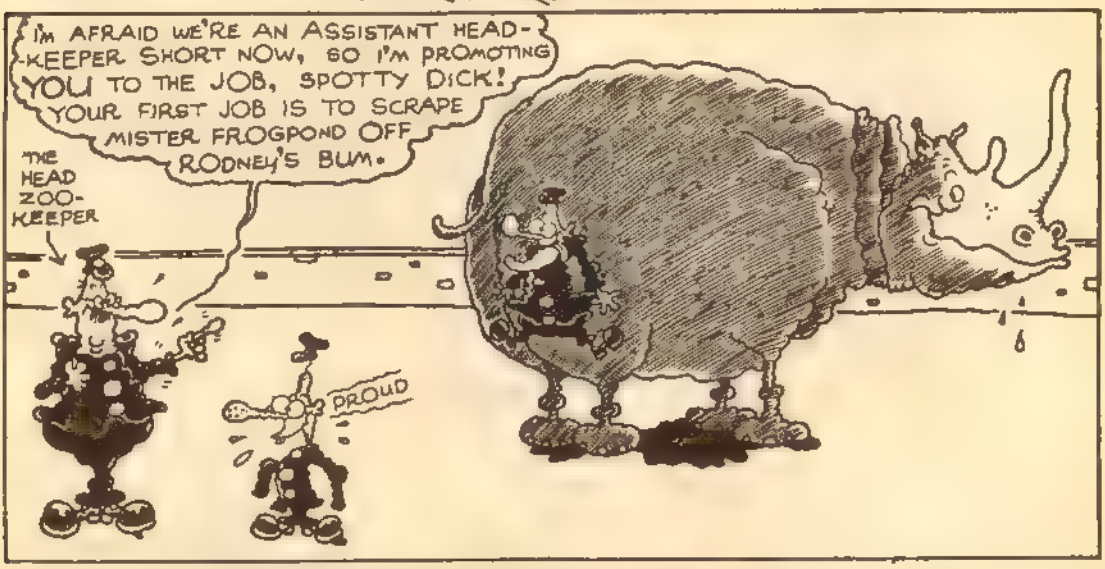

PYTHON PIT
SHREEEEK! NO! NO! NOT SWALLOWED ALIVE! NOT THE POWERFUL DIGESTIVE JUICES! AAAAAACH!
GULP! GULP!
SLURP!
SUCK!

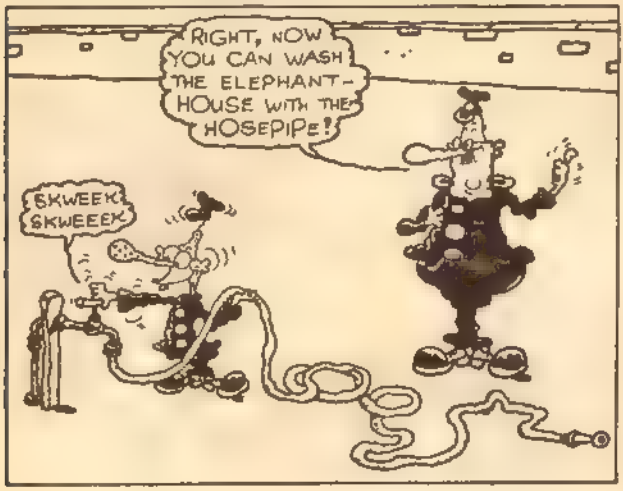

AS POOR MISTER KNEEBONE HAS BEEN DIGESTED, WE NEED A NEW KEEPER, SO I'M PROMOTING YOU FROM ASSISTANT KEEPER TO KEEPER! WE DON'T NEED TO FEED THE PYTHON, SO YOUR NEXT JOB IS TO FEED THIS HAY TO RODNEY. RIGHT?
THE ASSISTANT HEAD KEEPER
RODNEY
NOD NOD
HAY

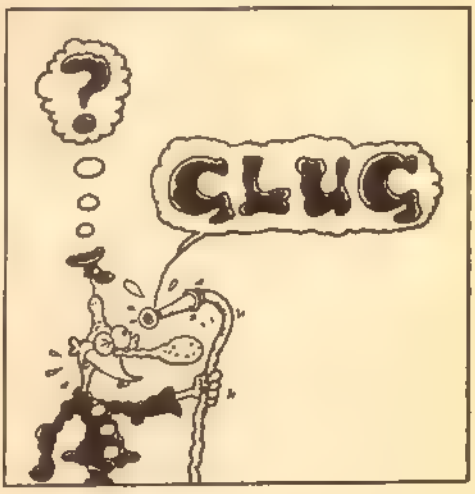

NO! NO! YOU'RE FEEDING THE WRONG END!
?
JAB!
STUFF!

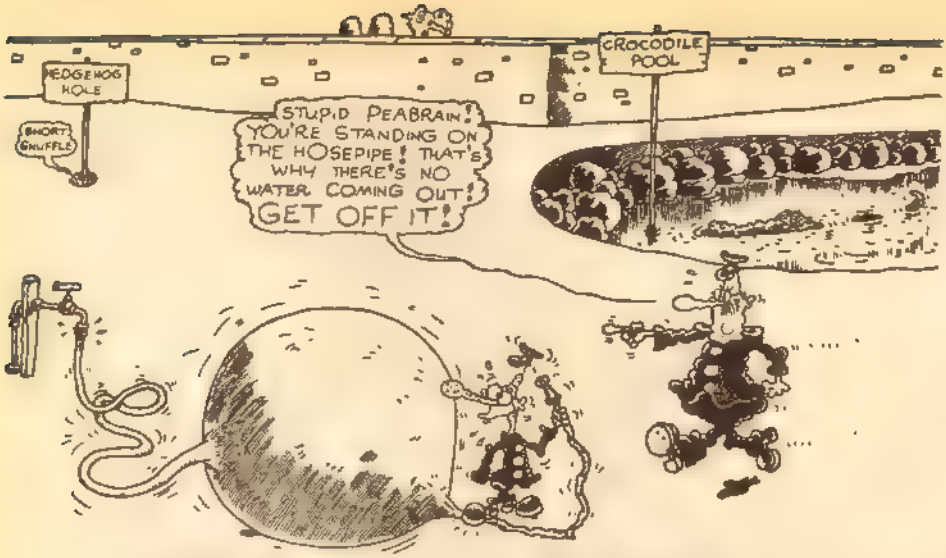
I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GIVE YOU THE SACK - - A SACK OF ELEPHANT DROPPINGS EMPTIED OVER YOUR STUPID POINTED HEAD!
GLARE!
RAGE!
SNATCH
SNORT!

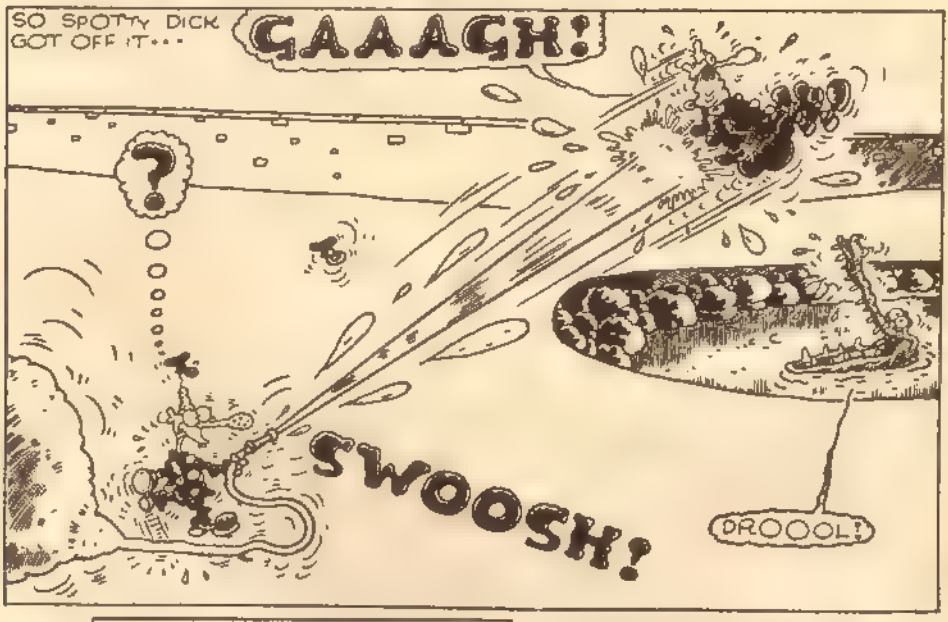

NO! NO!
DON'T SIT ON ME, RODNEY OLD PAL!
CLARC!
UNPLEASANT NOISES
CRUNCHING
SCRUBBLE!
SQUASH!


I'M AFRAID WE'RE AN ASSISTANT HEAD-KEEPER SHORT NOW, SO I'M PROMOTING YOU TO THE JOB, SPOTTY DICK! YOUR FIRST JOB IS TO SCRAPE MISTER FROGPOND OFF RODNEY'S BUM.
THE HEAD ZOO-KEEPER
PROUD


RIGHT, NOW YOU CAN WASH THE ELEPHANT-HOUSE WITH THE HOSEPIPE!
SKWEEK SKWEEEK

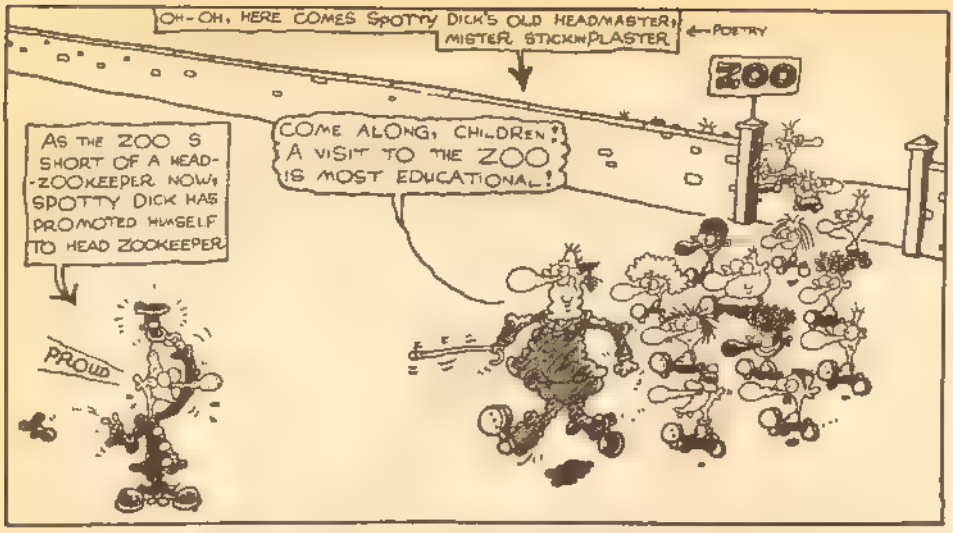

?
CLUG


HEDGEHOG HOLE
SHORT SNUFFLE
CROCODILE POOL
STUPID PEABRAIN! YOU'RE STANDING ON THE HOSEPIPE! THAT'S WHY THERE'S NO WATER COMING OUT! GET OFF IT!

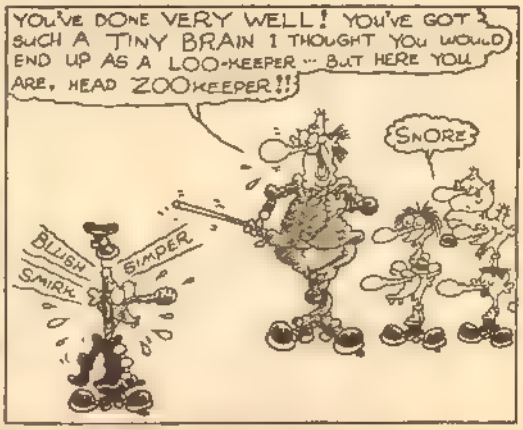

SO SPOTTY DICK GOT OFF IT...
GAAAGH!
?
SWOOSH!
DROOOL!

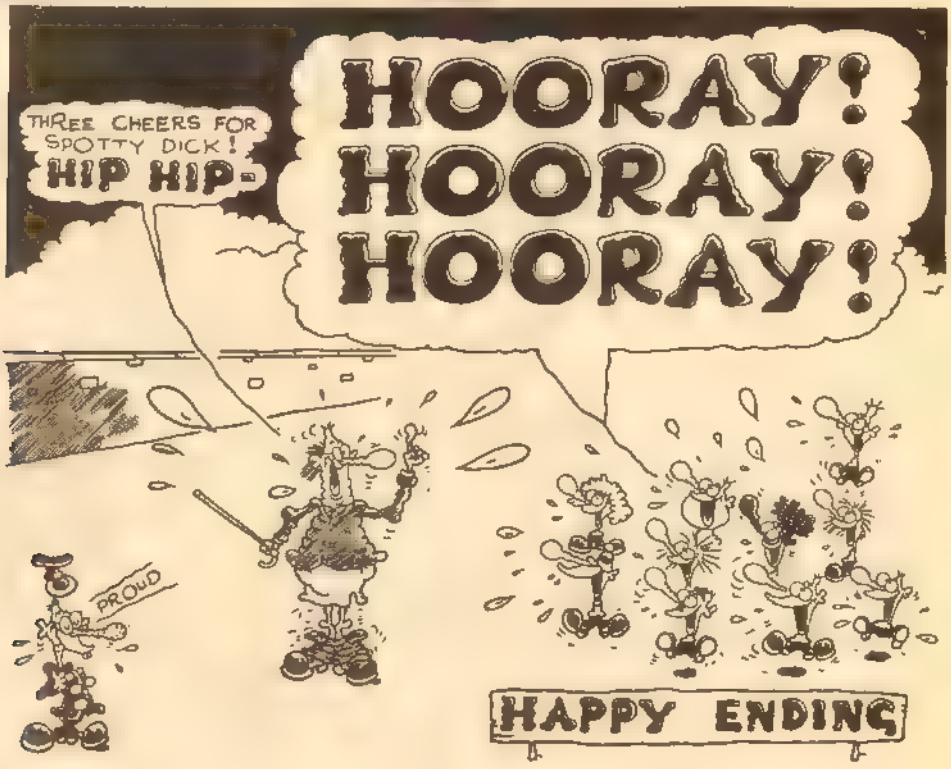
NO! NO! PLEASE DON'T EAT ME! I'VE GOT PONGY FEET! I'LL TASTE HORRIBLE! HONEST!
SLOBBER!

GERROFF! YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO EAT ME — I'M THE HEAD-ZOOKEEPER
AAGH!
CHOMP!
SLURP!
MUNCH! MUNCH!
GULP!
THE HEAD ZOO-KEEPER'S HAT


OH-OH, HERE COMES SPOTTY DICK'S OLD HEADMASTER, MISTER STICKINPLASTER
POETRY
ZOO
AS THE ZOO S SHORT OF A HEAD-ZOOKEEPER NOW, SPOTTY DICK HAS PROMOTED HIMSELF TO HEAD ZOOKEEPER
COME ALONG, CHILDREN! A VISIT TO THE ZOO IS MOST EDUCATIONAL!
PROUD

GOOD GRIEF! IT'S SPOTTY DICK! YOU ONLY LEFT SCHOOL YESTERDAY AND YOU'RE HEAD ZOOKEEPER ALREADY!
NOD NOD


YOU'VE DONE VERY WELL! YOU'VE GOT SUCH A TINY BRAIN I THOUGHT YOU WOULD END UP AS A LOO-KEEPER ... BUT HERE YOU ARE, HEAD ZOOKEEPER!!!
SNORE
BLUSH
SIMPER
SMIRK


THREE CHEERS FOR SPOTTY DICK! HIP HIP-
HOORAY! HOORAY! HOORAY!
PROUD
HAPPY ENDING

HEY SO WHERE YOU BIN? STILL IN THAT BAND HUH! WHAT KIND OF MUSIC ARE YOU IN TER NOW?
DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT THAT !!

OK NO NEED TA GET TETCHY BOUT IT I WUS ONLY..
LISTEN BUSTER AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED TH' WHOLE BUNDLE OF IT CAN GO AN' FLAP DOWN THE CRAPPER !!!!
UH YEH WELL ER HEAVY!!!

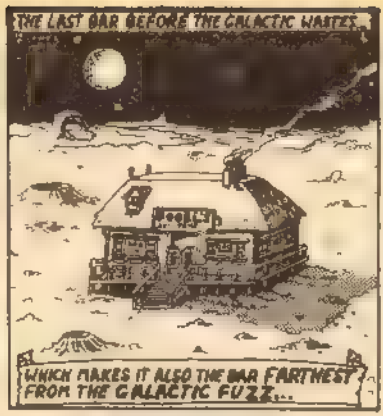
I KINDA SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. IT'S GOT TO THE POINT WHERE THINGS ARE JUST CHASIN' THEIR OWN TAIL BUT I'M ALWAYS HOPING SOMETHIN' GOOD'LL TURN UP WHERE FROM THOUGH IS ANOTHER MATTER ALTOGETHER!
EVERY WEEK A NEW LOAD OF SAME OLD STUFF CHURNED OUT TO A SUPPOSEDLY "AWARE" PUBLIC BARRR NO I THINK I'M GONNA GO HOME AN' DO SOME COOKIN'!

COOKING? I DON'T GETCHA. I DIDUNT KNOW YOU WAS INTO COOKING!!
I LOVE IT" I RILLY DO CORDON BLEU STYLE LOTS A PASTA CREATIONS TOO I TRADED IN MY STEREO AN ALL MY RECKURDS N BANT A REAL GROOVY GAS COOKER
HEY! WHY DONT YOU COME T DINNER!

SO ha ooo
BLURP!! WOW! THAT WAS GREAT I KAN HARDLY MOVE — I COULD LISTEN TO SOME MUSIC NOW TO HELP IT GO DOWN! YOU SURE YOUVE NO RECORDS?
NOPE NOT ONE! WHO NEEDS EM? THE MERE GRUNTS OF APPRECIATION FROM MY GUESTS ARE TH' ONLY MUSIC I WANNA HEAR!!!
DESSERT?

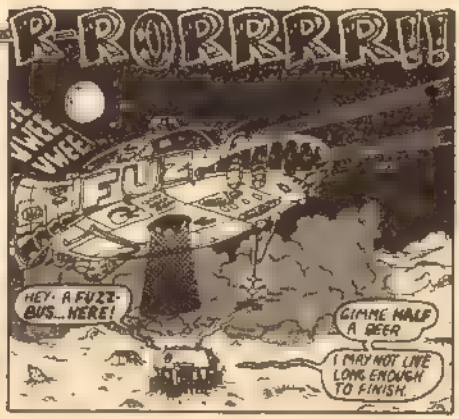
4 WEEKS LATER!!!
© 1980
I KNOW I WAS SUPPOSED TO GO RECORD BUYIN BUT I SAW THESE REALLY NEAT KIDNEYS N GOATLIVER N A BUTCHAS N TH' TEMPTATION WAS TOO GREAT!!
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU SPENT OUR RECORD MONEY ON FOOD?? YOU BASTID! HERE WE ARE MUSICALLY STARVED TO DEATH + YOU BUY FOOD!!!

THREE-EYES McGURK
AND HIS DEATH-PLANET COMMANDOS
THE PLANET BARFO RECEIVES FEW VISITORS... IT BOASTS BUT ONE TOURIST ATTRACTION...


THE LAST BAR BEFORE THE GALACTIC WASTES...
WHICH MAKES IT ALSO THE BAR FARTHEST FROM THE GALACTIC FUZZ...

AND THUS A HIGHLY DESIRABLE WATERING-PLACE FOR THREE-EYES McGURK AND HIS DEFICIENT SIDE-KICK GLASS-BRAIN.
OH, HEY, McGURK ...HOW COME I NEVER SCORE WITH WOMEN?
BECAUSE THEY CAN ALWAYS SEE WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND, STUPID!
NOW, TABATHA, MY LITTLE SLUG

VRR-R-R-R-R-RORRRRR!!
OH YOU DO HAVE A LOVELY WAY WITH WORDS.
WHAT THE HALF-ASSED HOW-WHAT IS THAT?!!
UH, PARDON ME.


WHEE WHEE
FUZZ
HEY! A FUZZ-BUS...HERE!
GIMME HALF A BEER
I MAY NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO FINISH.

THEN...
I'M LOOKIN' FOR McGURK THE MERCENARY! IT'S BUSINESS!
SQREEEK!
IT WOULDN'T BE PLEASURE!

THE PLOT...
IT'S SIMPLE...THE ZIKCTRONS HAVE STOLEN THE LIVING HEART OF THE UNIVERSE WE'LL PAY TEN MILLION PESOS TO GET IT BACK! WHADDYA SAY?
I'LL HAVE THE OTHER HALF OF THAT BEER NOW.

WELL? ANY QUESTIONS?

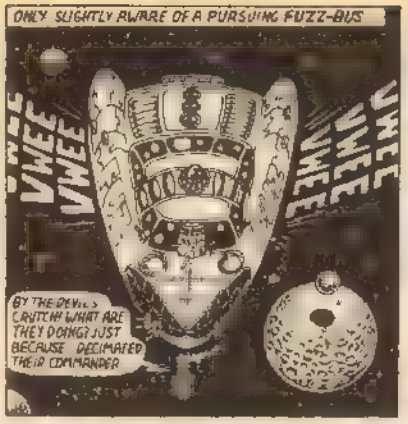
AYAAAAAAUUGH!
GEE, THREE-EYES WHY'D YA INCINERATE 'IM LIKE THAT?

IF THE REWARD'S TEN MILLION IT MUST BE WORTH EVEN MORE TO US!
C'MON GANG, LET'S HEAD FOR THE NUMMOOS PADDLESTEAMER!
WONDER WHY THE SMELL OF FRIED FUZZ MAKES ME HUNGRY?

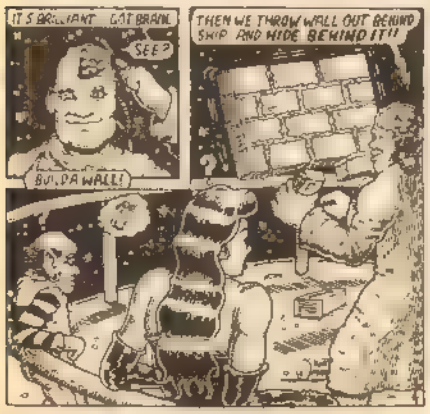
GOOD JOB YOU CAME WITH US, TABATHA. THERE ARE 750 MEN ON THAT FUZZ-BUS WHO HAVEN'T SEEN A WOMAN IN 3 YEARS...
BUT THAT'S JUST WHAT ALWAYS DREAMED OF
YOU LIKE FRIES?
©'74 CONT MILE/PEDRO HENRY

UH, YA DON'T THINK THEY'LL FOLLOW US DO YA?
NAH THEY WOULDN'T DARE!
TO BE CONT (HONEST)

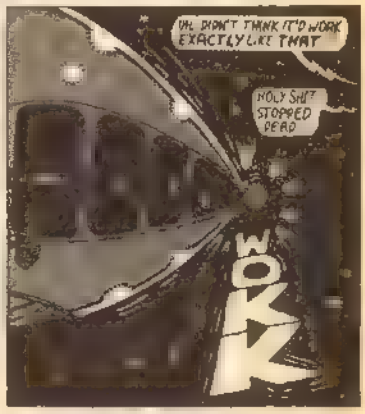
THREE EYES
MC GURK
AND HIS
DEATH PLANET
COMMANDOS
ABOARD THE NUMINOUS PADDLE STEAMER, McGURK AND CHUMS HEAD FOR ZILCHTRON TO FIND THE LIVING HEART OF THE UNIVERSE...


ONLY SLIGHTLY AWARE OF A PURSUING FUZZ-BUS
VWEE VWEE
BY THE DEVIL'S CRUTCH! WHAT ARE THEY DOING? JUST BECAUSE DECIMATED THEIR COMMANDER

CAN'T WE STOP THEM THREE-EYES?
LIKE HOW MY LITTLE POLYP?
UH GLASS BRA... 'OT AN IDEA
NUMINOUS

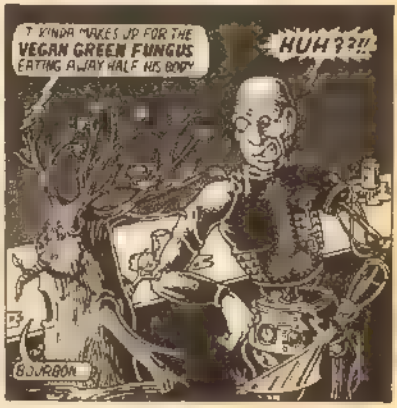

IT'S BRILLIANT GOT BRAIN SEE?
BUILD A WALL!
THEN WE THROW WALL OUT BEHIND SHIP AND HIDE BEHIND IT!!

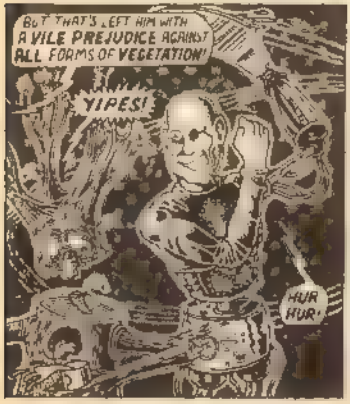
THERE FINISHED
AND WHAT GOOD DO YOU THINK THAT'S GOING TO DO, YOU CANCEREL OF AN UNDRAINED BOIL?


UH, DIDN'T THINK IT'D WORK EXACTLY LIKE THAT
HOLY SHIT STOPPED HERE
WOKK

HAVING THUS DISPOSED OF THE PURSUIT, THEY HEAD ON TOWARD THAT GEM OF THE GALAXY DEPRAVITY THE SIN-WORLD
YOU BETTER STAY WITH THE SHIP GLASS-BRAIN. OTHERWISE SOME PERVOLL GET HOLD OF YOU.
ABATHA AND I'LL GO FIND PRESS BUTTON!

AND SHORTLY, IN MAX DRAX'S PALACE OF POTIONS...
WANNA PRESS MY BUTTON, HONEY?
THAT'S HIM. THE BUTTON ON HIS CHEST GIVES DIRECT ELECTRIC STIMULATION TO THE CRANIAL PLEASURE-CENTRES...


I KINDA MAKES UP FOR THE VEGAN GREEN FUNGUS EATING AWAY HALF HIS BODY
HUH?!!
BOURBON


BUT THAT'S LEFT HIM WITH A VILE PREJUDICE AGAINST ALL FORMS OF VEGETATION!
YIPES!
HUR HUR!

AND WHEN THE TALE HAS BEEN BRIEFLY TOLD.
SURE I'LL COME TO ZILCHTRON WITH YA, McGURK BE JUST LIKE OLD TIMES! BUT WE GOTTA TAKE LONESOME HENRY ALONG WITH US..
YA HAVE!
© 1971 PEDRO HERNANDEZ

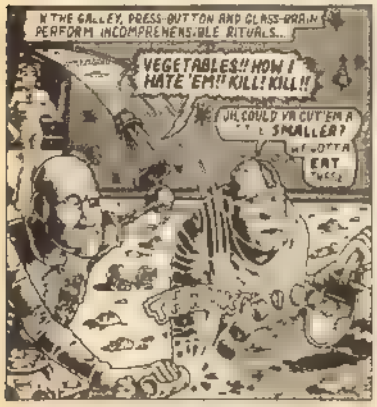
AND SO.
GEE, THREE EYES WHAT'S WRAT TER? DON'T YA LIKE HENRY?
MAX DRAX'S PALACE OF POTIONS
YOU DUMB TROLL, DIDN'T YOU EVER HERRD OF LONESOME HENRY, THE HUMAN BOMB?!
CONT...

MCGURK
AND HIS
DEATH PLANET COMMANDOS
A 30TH CENTURY SLUZZGREEP PRODUCTION.

AS THE NUMINOUS PADDLESTEAMER CRUISES MAJESTICALLY THROUGH SPACE TOWARD THE PLANET ZILCHTRON,
AH TABATHA HOW AM I EVER TO HAVE FRIENDS, NEVER TO FALL IN LOVE IF I LOSE OUT MY TEMPER
I'LL FALL IN LOVE WITH ME DON'T MIND IF YOU'RE MAD

NO DON'T YOU SEE? IF I GET ANGRY MY SPLEEN EXPLODES!
AND DON'T BELIEVE YOU YOU HANDSOME SWINE I'LL WAY DOWN THE
NO!

AROUSED MY GONADS EXPLODE!
THINK YOU'RE SWEET

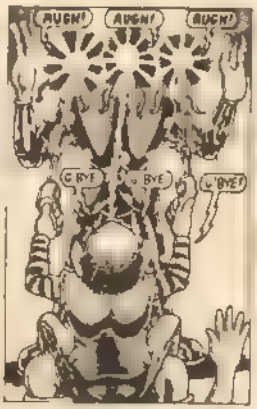

IN THE GALLEY, PRESS-BUTTON AND GLASS-BRAIN PERFORM INCOMPREHENSIBLE RITUALS...
VEGETABLES!! HOW I HATE 'EM!! KILL! KILL!!
OH, COULD YA CUT 'EM A LITTLE SMALLER? WE GOTTA EAT THESE

NO TIME FOR THAT NOW, MY LITTLE TUMOUR! WE'RE APPROACHING ZILCHTRON!
NO! WE'RE NOT VEGETABLES
OH, THEY

AND AS MCGURK EXPLAINS HIS PLAN TO STEAL BACK THE LIVING HEART OF THE UNIVERSE FROM THE PREADED ZILCHTRONS.
COMPLICATED.
MAYBE YOU BETTER STAY WITH THE SHIP, GLASS-BRAIN!

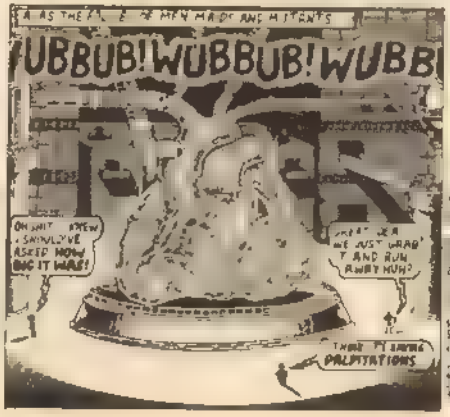
THEN, AS THE STEAMER WALLOWS IN TO LAND
ZAP A ZILCHTRON!
JUST ONE, AND RUN YOU DUMB BRAINS!

BUT SHORTLY
OH ZILCHTRON FUZZ!


AUGH!
AUGH!
AUGH!
BYE
BYE
BYE!

AND THEN BATTLE JOINED
KEEP BLASTING! THEY'RE COMING APART!
DONGG!

AT LAST
WE'VE GOT A LOCK, WE'RE KEEPING THEIR HEADS DOWN!
WUBB!
WUBB
WUB!
I HEAR AN HEAR THE TRAIN BEATING!

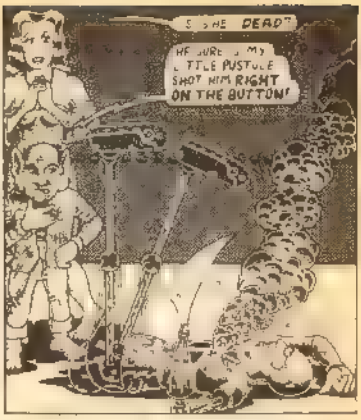

AS THE ZILCHTRONS AND MUTANTS
WUBBUB! WUBBUB! WUBB
OH WHAT A FOOL I SHOULD'VE ASKED HOW BIG IT WAS!
WE JUST GRAB IT AND RUN AWAY HUH?
THERE'S SOME PALPITATIONS

NOW I'VE A BETTER IDEA. LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!
GIDDAP, TABATHA, MY LITTLE GROWTH!
TOO LATE! HUNDREDS OF ZILCHTRONS!! AND THEY'VE BROUGHT SPARE HEADS!!
TO BE CONTINUED

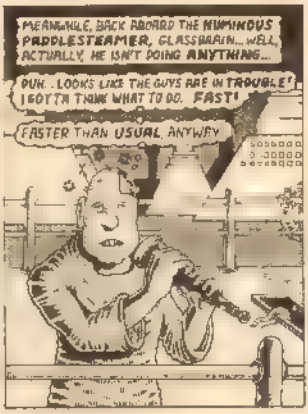
THREE O'S
McGURK
AND HIS
DEATH PLANE
McGURK, TABATHA, PRESS BUTTON AND LONESOME HENRY, THE HUMAN BOMB, HAVE BEEN TRAPPED BY THE ZILCHTRONS

ONE STEP CLOSER AND THEY'LL BE SCOOPIN' YER GUTS UP IN A PAIL!!
GEE! PRESS-BUTTON'LL SAVE US!

AWK!!
OOPS


SHE DEAD?
HE SURE IS MY LITTLE PUSTULE SHOT HIM RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!

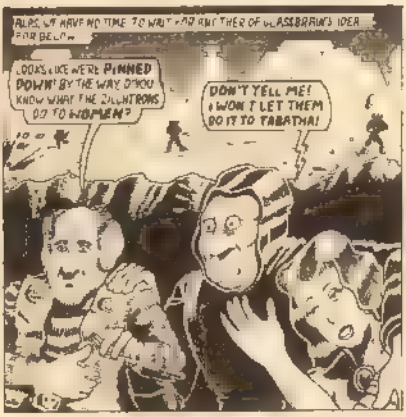
AH IF THE BLAST DIDN'T GET HIM THE ORGASM MUSTA BLOWN EVERY CEL IN HIS BRAIN!


MEANWHILE, BACK ABOARD THE NUMINOUS PADDLESTEAMER, GLASSBRAIN... WELL, ACTUALLY, HE ISN'T DOING ANYTHING...
DUH... LOOKS LIKE THE GUYS ARE IN TROUBLE! I GOTTA THINK WHAT TO DO. FAST!
FASTER THAN USUAL, ANYWAY

AND SLOWLY UNDER THE AN HOUR LATER
AND FIRST TAKE THE SHIP TO SAFETY THEN I GO BACK AND PICK UP THE GANG!

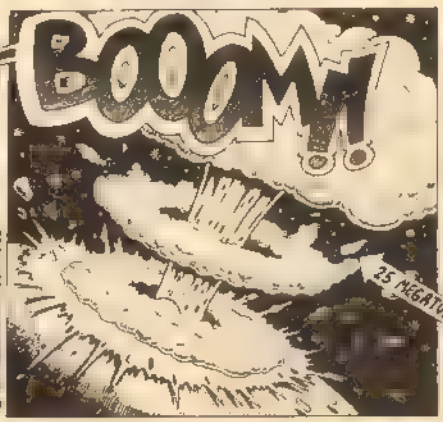
AND SO
WHY S THA' PAN BRAINED OFFA HERE UP TO HE'S RUNNING OUT ON US!
DON'T GET MAD, HENRY, FER GOODSAKE!

THERE SHIP'S SAFE NOW I GO BACK AND NOW I
NOW WE HAVE TO THINK ABOUT THE NAME


ALAS, WE HAVE NO TIME TO WAIT FOR RUTHER OF GLASSBRAIN'S IDEA FOR BELOW
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE PINNED DOWN! BY THE WAY, D'YOU KNOW WHAT THE ZILCHTRONS DO TO WOMEN?
DON'T TELL ME! I WON'T LET THEM DO IT TO TABATHA!

BUT I DON'T KNOW... WAS JUST ASKING
YOU ROT-BRAINED, POX-BODIED, DOUBLE DYED BASTARDS!!

KAAAAA

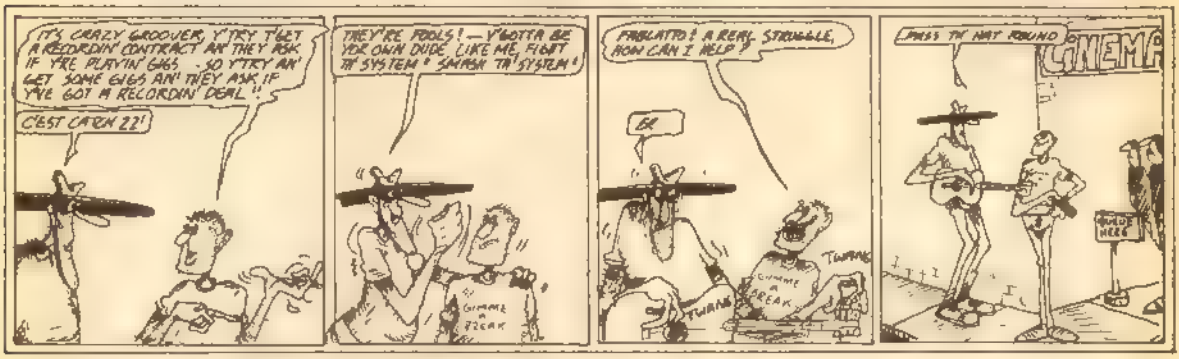

BOOOM!
25 MEGATONS

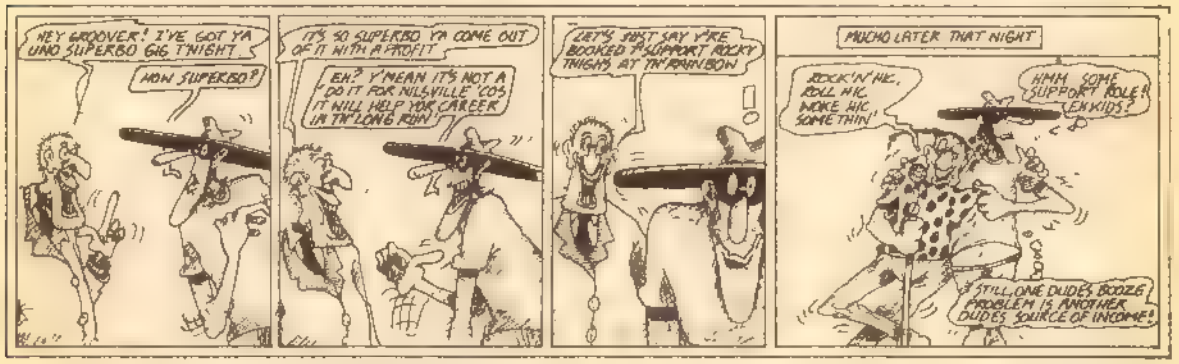
OOPS

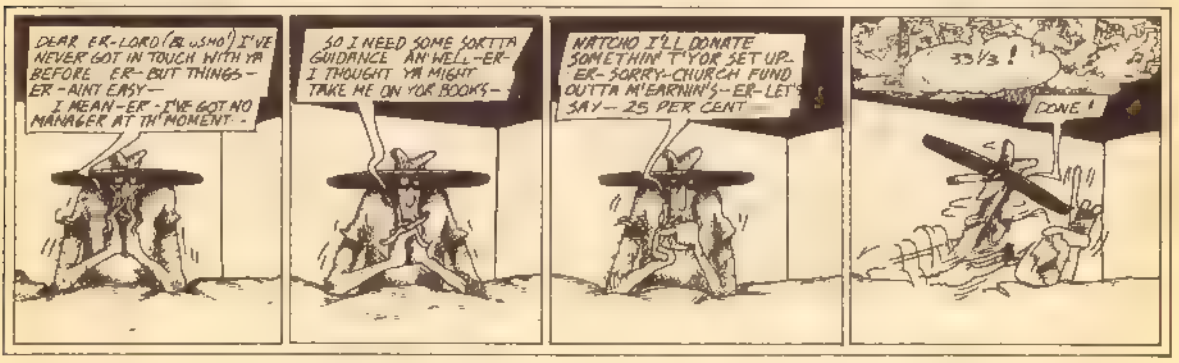
Edward Barker

THE LONE GROOVER

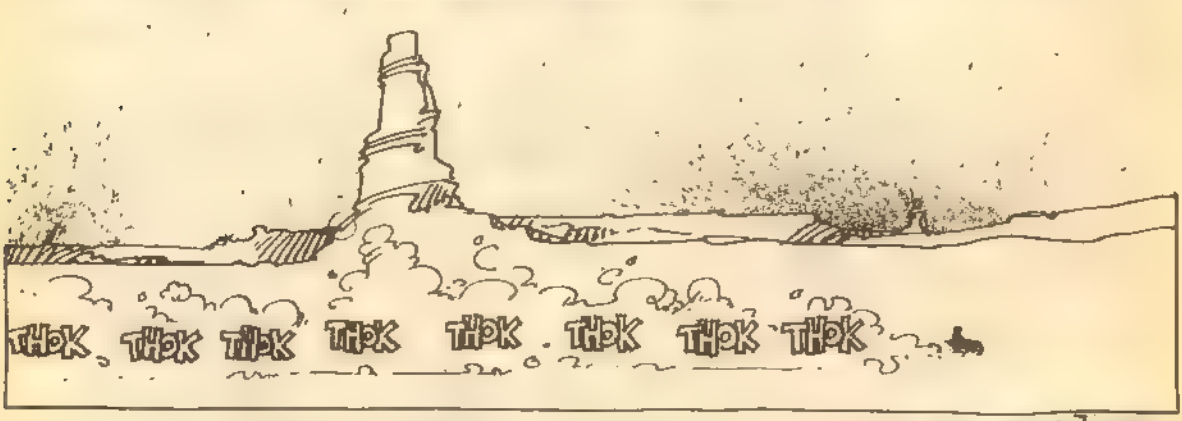
©1981 by TONY BENYON







THOK
THOK
CHRIS WELCH '80


THOK THOK THOK THOK THOK THOK THOK THOK

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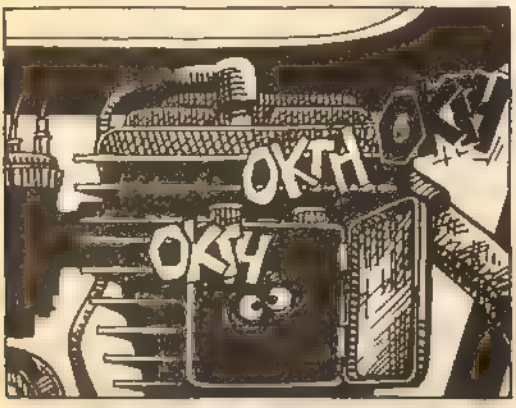
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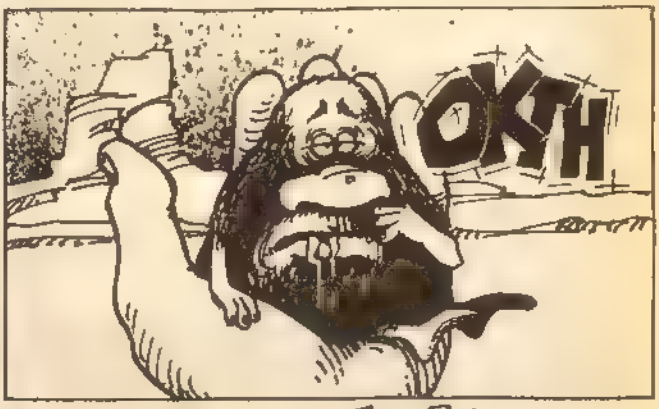
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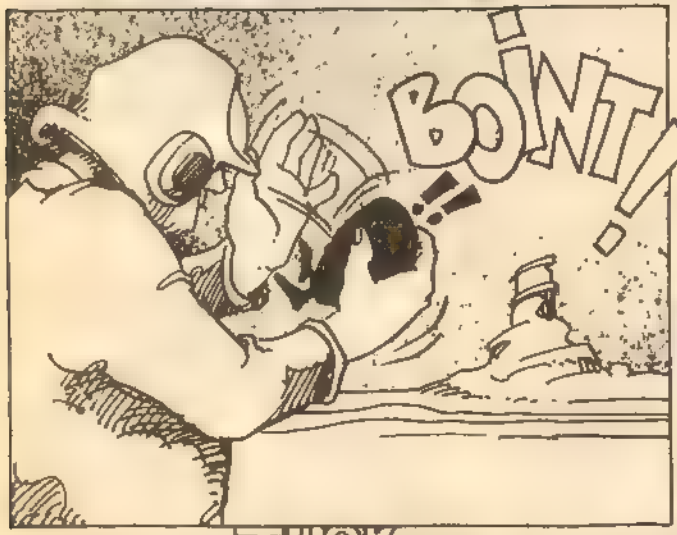
BÖNT!

THOK
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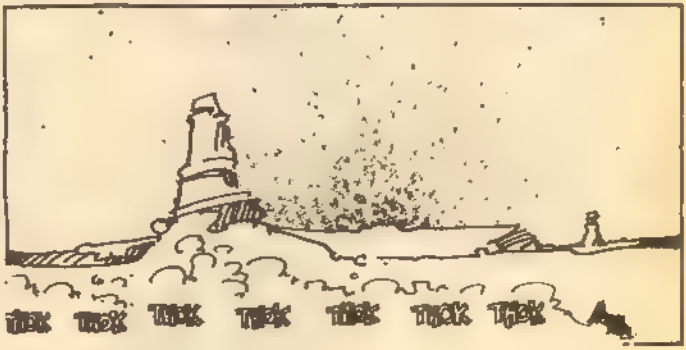
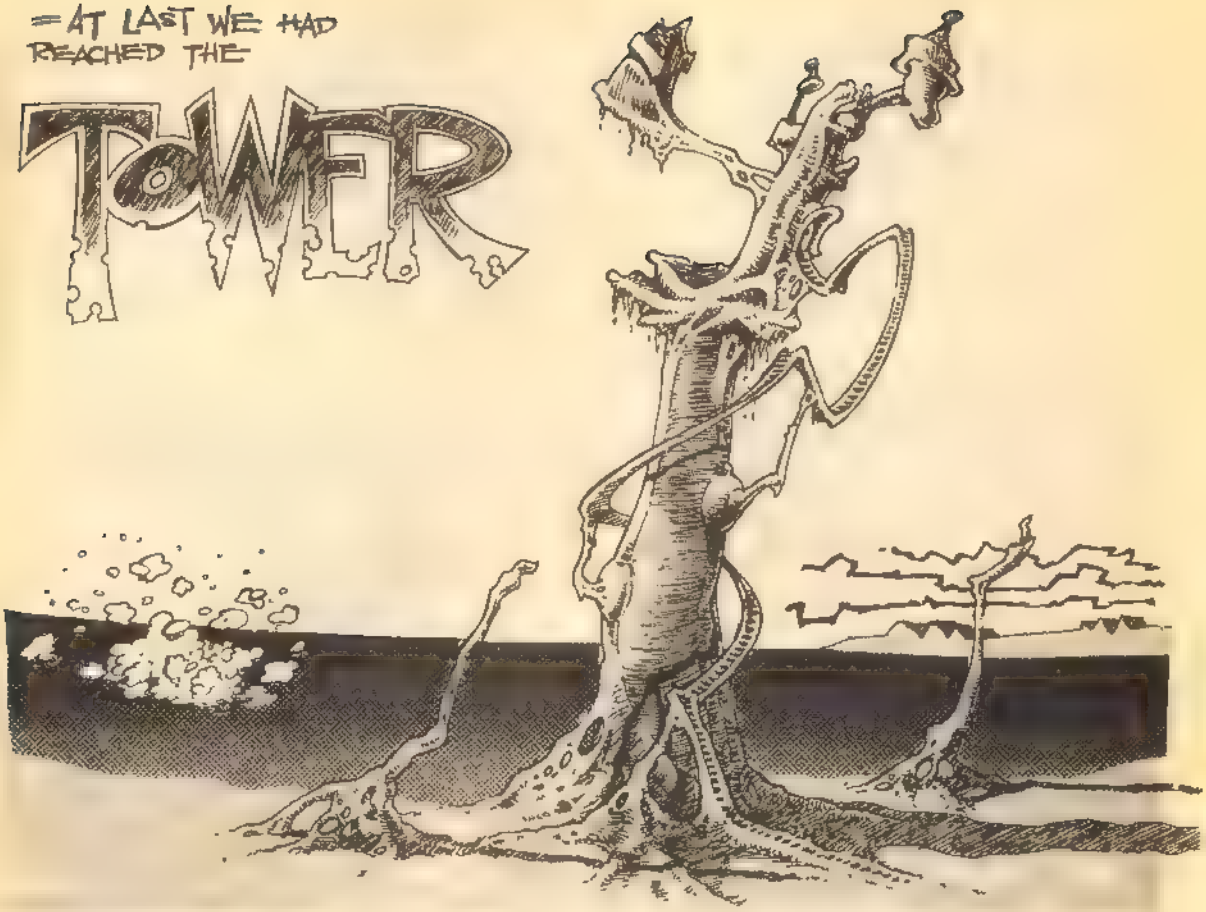
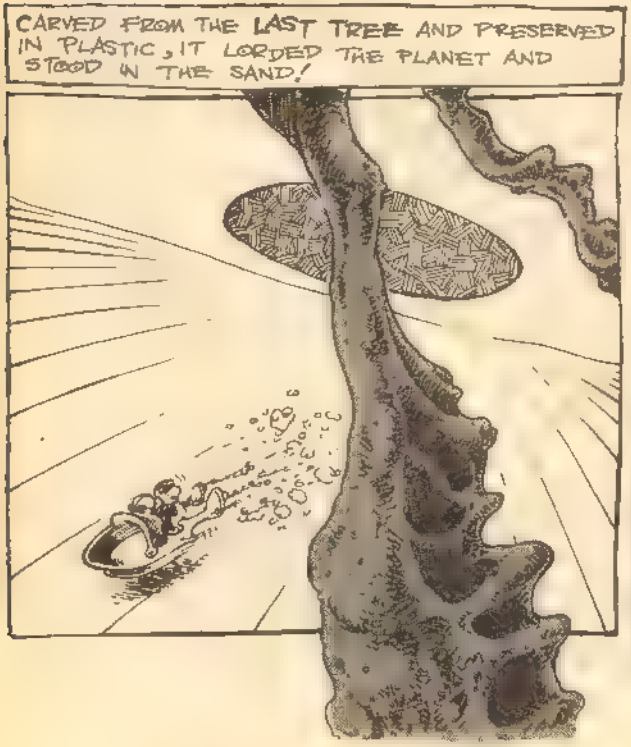

THOK THOK THOK THOK THOK THOK THOK

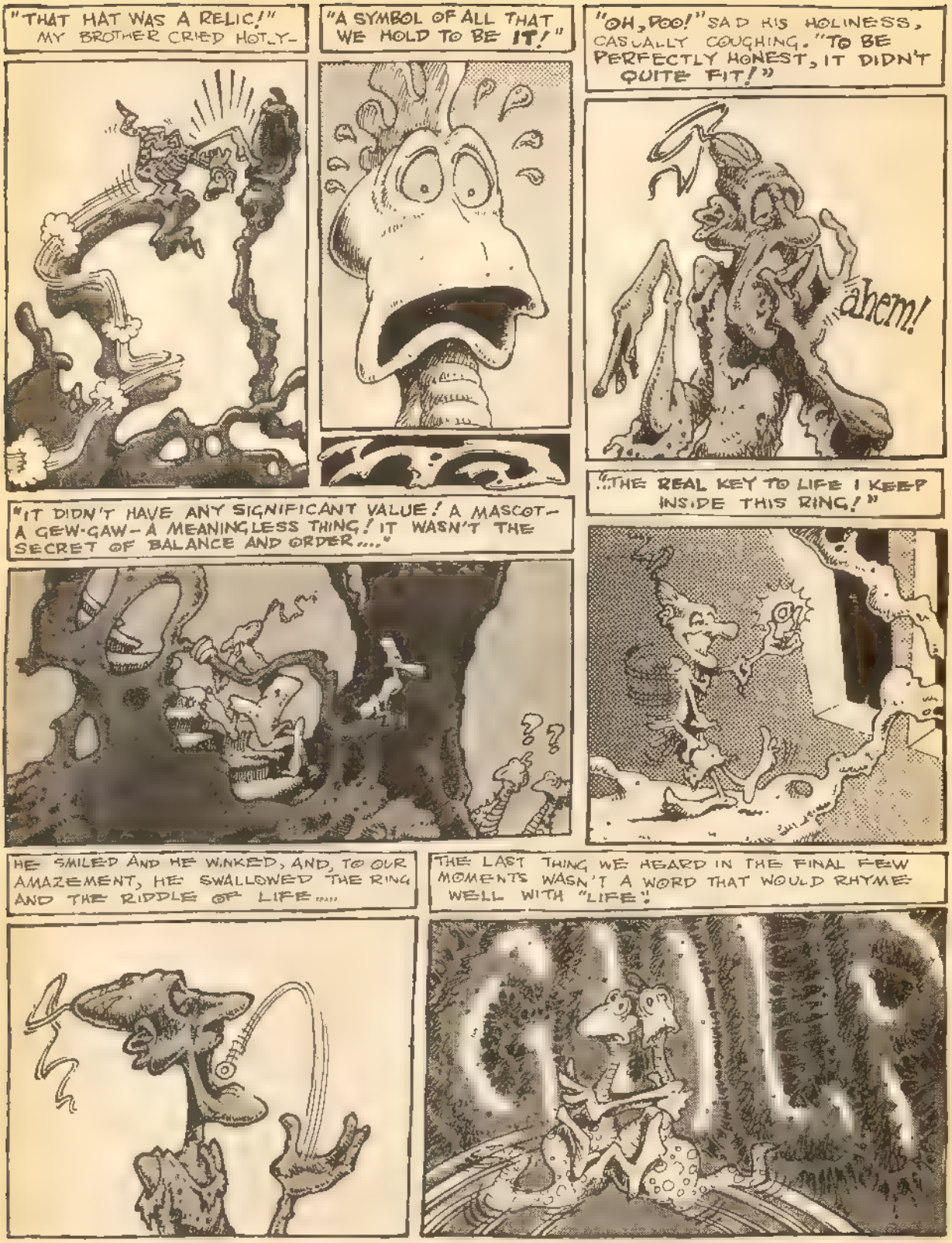
=AT LAST WE HAD REACHED THE

TOWER





MY BROTHER AND ME HAD BEEN CALLED TO HIS PRESENCE.
...BRINGING OUR TAPPETTS, OUR CRANKS AND SMALL GEAR.
WE WOUND UP HIS CLOCK AND WE DUSTED HIS LECTERN
CRANKUM CRANKUM
TESTED HIS PLUMBING AND PIERCED HIS EAR.
FORMALITIES OVER, WE TOOK OFF OUR "OUTFITS", ACCEPTED A DRINK AND RELAXED FOR A CHAT.
DONG
CHUNK
IT WASN'T TIL SEVEN O'CLOCK THAT WE NOTICED HIS HOLINESS SEEMED TO HAVE EATEN HIS HAT!
ANGLEIN VENERATI RITUAL HAT


"THAT HAT WAS A RELIC!" MY BROTHER CRIED HOTLY-
"A SYMBOL OF ALL THAT WE HOLD TO BE IT!"
"OH, POO!" SAID HIS HOLINESS, CASUALLY COUGHING. "TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST, IT DIDN'T QUITE FIT!"
ahem!
"IT DIDN'T HAVE ANY SIGNIFICANT VALUE! A MASCOT- A GEW-GAW- A MEANINGLESS THING! IT WASN'T THE SECRET OF BALANCE AND ORDER...."
"THE REAL KEY TO LIFE I KEEP INSIDE THIS RING!"
HE SMILED AND HE WINKED, AND, TO OUR AMAZEMENT, HE SWALLOWED THE RING AND THE RIDDLE OF LIFE....
THE LAST THING WE HEARD IN THE FINAL FEW MOMENTS WASN'T A WORD THAT WOULD RHYME WELL WITH "LIFE"!

BUT JUST AS THE HOLY IMMORTAL DESCENDED THE GURGLING PLUGHOLE OF REALITY.....

....ME AND MY BROTHER INFLATED OUR LIFERAFT....

....HIS HOLINESS FARTED...

...AND OUT POPPED A KEY!

I GRABBED THE KEY QUICK BEFORE GAK (THAT'S MY BROTHER) COULD SEE IT.....

...AND LAST NIGHT, WHEN GAK WAS ASLEEP, I SPOTTED A KEYHOLE ON TOP OF HIS TUMMY!

THE KEY FITS!! I WONDER.....

...ure upper
...ing your head roll
...laxed ... direction for 3 or 4 times. Let it loll. Circle
...Although this exercise is a bit painful to begin with it
...ective in easing one of the most uncomfortable tensions spots

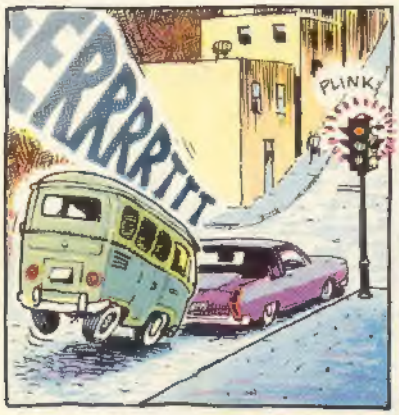
These simple exercises are suitable for either sex.
However, none of them should be attempted within four hours of a large meal.

©1978 TERRY GILLIAM

...ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE VICTIM OF SMALL PRINT.

HONK! CLANG! TWEET! IF YOU READ
THE FABULOUS FURRY
FREAK
BROTHERS
© 1960 BY RIP OFF PRESS, INC.

CO-OPT
GROCERY


ERRRRTTT
PLINK!

HONK IF ♥ YOU LOVE JESUS

YOU KNOW, OL' JESUS WASN'T SUCH A BAD GUY!
"LOVE YOUR ENEMY" AND "TURN THE OTHER CHEEK" AND ALL THAT STUFF!

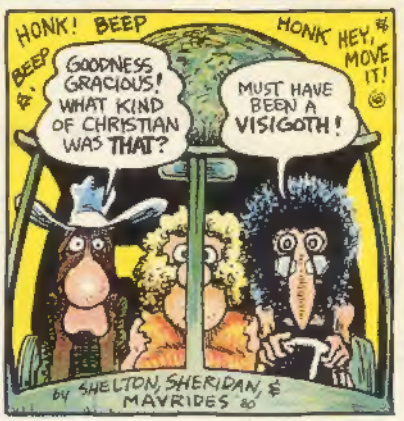
TOOT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, YOU GODDAM MORON? CAN'T YOU SEE THE LIGHT'S STILL RED? YOU BLIND OR SOMETHING?
HONK IF ♥ YOU LOVE JESUS

YOU'RE LUCKY THE LIGHT CHANGED TO GREEN, OTHERWISE I'D BE COMING BACK THERE AND SMASHING YOUR UGLY HIPPIE FACE TO A BLOODY PULP!

CHRIST!!

SKREEEEEE


HONK! BEEP
HONK
BEEP
HEY, MOVE IT!
GOODNESS GRACIOUS! WHAT KIND OF CHRISTIAN WAS THAT?
MUST HAVE BEEN A VISIGOTH!
by SHELTON, SHERIDAN, & MAVRIDES